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THE UNWRITTEN LAW AND THE "GREAT EMERGENCY"

BY THE EDITOR

THE convention of delegates designated by the various States to formulate a Federal Constitution met in Philadelphia on May 25, 1787. The first momentous question to arise related to the appointment or election of a Chief Executive. Three plans were proposed—to wit:

"Election by the people.

"Appointment by electors chosen by the people or by the State Legislatures.

"Election by the National Legislature or by the Senate."

True to his inclinations in favor of a strong centralized government, Alexander Hamilton urged the election of Senators for life and the appointment by the Senators so chosen of an Executive for life. A limitation of the Executive's term to seven years he opposed upon the ground that—

"He would be ambitious, with the means of making creatures; and as the object of his ambition would be to *prolong* his power, it is probable that in case of a war he would avail himself of the emergence to evade or refuse a degradation from his place."

To this Benjamin Franklin responded, as reported in the Debates:

"It seems to have been imagined by some that the returning to the mass of the people was degrading to the magistrate. This [he thought]

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was contrary to republican principles. In free governments the rulers are the servants, and the people their superiors and sovereigns. For the former therefore to return among the latter was not to *degrade* but to *promote* them—and it would be imposing an unreasonable burden on them to keep them always in a state of servitude, and not allow them to become again one of the masters."

The Franklin view was sustained immediately by a vote of seven to three, and no more was heard of the proposal to give the Executive a life tenure of office.

Direct election by the people was discarded upon the ground that this method would give the more populous States a preponderance of influence.

On the 17th of July, after weeks of debate, the Convention voted unanimously that the Executive be chosen by the Legislature for a term of seven years. It was also decreed by a vote of six to four that he be re-eligible. On the 26th of July that decision was reversed by a vote of seven to five, and the article went to the Committee on Detail and was subsequently reported back in these words:

"The executive power of the United States shall be vested in a single person. His style shall be 'President of the United States,' and his title shall be 'His Excellency.' He shall be elected by ballot by the Legislature. He shall hold his office during a term of seven years; but shall not be elected a second time."

Meanwhile a strong sentiment had developed against making the Executive an appointee and virtual dependent of the Legislature, and the whole subject was referred to a special Committee of Eleven, which on September 4th reported the Electoral College system which, with few alterations, was finally adopted. The term of the Executive was fixed at four years and no restriction was made respecting re-eligibility. The issue was joined promptly. On September 6th—

"Mr. Spaight and Mr. Williamson moved to insert 'seven' instead of 'four' years for the term of President."

Then follows this significant declaration:

"[An ineligibility would have followed this prolongation of the term.]"

The motion was lost by a vote of eight to three, Virginia supporting the amendment—a circumstance confirming the assertions of Judge Jeremiah S. Black, made in 1880, that "Washington and Madison acted throughout the session of

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the Convention in steady opposition to unlimited re-elections" and that "to this conviction all their conduct was faithful afterward as well as before."

The outcome was in effect a compromise. The Convention repudiated continuous re-elections when it rejected the Hamilton proposal, but refused to decree ineligibility for a second term upon the ground that faithful service should entitle a President to the approbation implied by re-election. In order, however, to conform to the general opinion with respect to length of service, the term was reduced to four years, thus making two terms the virtual equivalent of one term of seven years. Further than that it was not practicable to go. After all, the main point had been gained. The Executive had been freed from the dominance of either the Senate or the Congress and had been constituted as the direct representative and spokesman, not of an oligarchy, but of the people themselves, who in the ultimate must and should be intrusted with the power to act rightly even when not bound by express legal obligation. Moreover, it was a certainty that the first Chief Magistrate would be George Washington, whose patriotism so far surpassed his ambition that he was sure to set an example from which any successor would depart at his peril.

Thomas Jefferson, then in France as the envoy of his country, recognized both the actual danger and the expediency of acquiescence, as evidenced by his letters home:

"*To George Washington, under date of May 2, 1788:*

"I had intended to have written a word to your Excellency on the subject of the new Constitution, but I have already spun out my letter to an immoderate length. I will just observe therefore that according to my ideas there is a great deal of good in it. There are two things however which I dislike strongly. 1. The want of a bill of rights. I am in hopes the opposition of Virginia will remedy this, and produce such a declaration. 2. The perpetual re-eligibility of the President. This I fear will make an office for life first, and then hereditary. I was much an enemy to monarchy before I came to Europe. I am ten thousand times more so since I have seen what they are. There is scarcely an evil known in these countries which may not be traced to their king as its source, nor a good which is not derived from the small fibres of republicanism existing among them. I can further say with safety there is not a crowned head in Europe whose talents or merit would entitle him to be elected a vestryman by the people of any parish in America. However I shall hope that before there is danger of this change taking place in the office of President, the good sense and free spirit of our countrymen will make the changes necessary to prevent it. Under this hope I look forward to the

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general adoption of the new Constitution with anxiety, as necessary for us under our present circumstances."

"*To Edward Carrington, May 27, 1788:*

"Re-eligibility makes him (the President) an officer for life, and the disasters inseparable from an elective monarchy render it preferable, if we cannot tread back that step, that we should go forward and take refuge in an hereditary one. . . . Our jealousy is only put to sleep by the unlimited confidence we all repose in the person to whom we all look as our President. After him inferior characters may perhaps succeed and awaken us to the danger which his merit has led us into. For the present, however, the general adoption is to be prayed for."

"*To Francis Hopkinson, March 13, 1789:*

"Since the thing (re-eligibility) is established, I would wish it not to be altered during the life of our great leader, whose executive talents are superior to those I believe of any man in the world, and who alone by the authority of his name and the confidence reposed in his perfect integrity is fully qualified to put the new government so under way as to secure it against the efforts of the opposition. But having derived from one error all the good there was in it, I hope we shall correct it the moment we can no longer have the same name at the helm."

"*To David Humphreys, March 18, 1789:*

". . . And should the majority change their opinion and become sensible that this trait in their Constitution is wrong, I would wish it to remain uncorrected, as long as we can avail ourselves of the services of our great leader, whose talents and whose weight of character I consider as peculiarly essential to get the government so under way as that it may afterwards be carried on by subordinate characters."

Great men were the Fathers of the Republic—great in their unselfishness and in their patriotism. At the very moment when uttering these sentiments from a troubled heart, Jefferson might with full warrant have been looking forward to his own elevation to the Chief Magistracy of the Republic, whose Declaration of Independence was *his* declaration. But here breathes the spirit of reconciliation, not in resentment of the probable thwarting of personal ambition, but in apprehension of danger to popular sovereignty—of reconciliation to the life tenure in office of the "great leader," but of no successor. And his was the thought of the country. Implicit and universal was the faith that Washington would rise to the occasion with the serenity and power of exalted character. How completely this confidence was justified is evidenced by the event.

The crowning glory of George Washington was renunciation. Twice he had been chosen unanimously to serve as President of the new Republic. A third election required

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only his silent acquiescence. Abroad he was regarded as a Chief Magistrate installed for life—a constitutional king in all but name. Democracy meant no more than the familiar dominance of a ruler and a class in a new form. Government by the people continued to be a myth. Revolution had only severed political ties. The substance of control such as held the nations of Europe was to be perpetuated on the Western hemisphere.. Monarchs breathed more freely; aristocracy sneered. Then came, like a bolt from the blue, the declaration from George Washington that, at the expiration of his second term, he should return to private life. It was a calm and measured averment, but definite and final. None questioned the President's sincerity; none dreamed of suggesting reconsideration upon public or patriotic grounds in time of alleged need. Washington embodied Truth. His were words of probity and fidelity. And his act signalized the confirmation in fact of the profession which had been advanced in theory of the perpetuation, no less than the mere establishment, of popular sovereignty. It was a notification to all the world of the actual beginning of the greatest experiment in government ever known, of the experiment which has conserved the liberties, the prosperity, and the happiness of a population already increased thirtyfold, which has driven arbitrary rule out of the Western hemisphere and which has cut the foundations from under the tottering thrones of Europe.

Detractors have urged that, because he used simple words in announcing his retirement, Washington withdrew from public life for the sole purpose of gratifying his personal inclination. Had he then so soon forgot the admonitions of Jefferson and Madison and his own steadfast opposition to continuous occupancy of the Presidential office? How was his act regarded at the time?

On September 17, 1796, Washington published to his "friends and fellow-citizens" that Farewell Address, of which the historian Henry Cabot Lodge says: "Every word was instinct with the wisest and purest patriotism." After "declining to be considered among the number of those out of whom a choice is to be made" for President at the next election, he said:

"I beg you at the same time to do me the justice to be assured that this resolution has not been taken without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relations which bind a dutiful citizen

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to his country; and that in withdrawing the tender of service, which silence in my situation might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest, no deficiency of grateful respect for your past kindness, but am supported by a full conviction that the step is compatible with both."

Did the people or the Houses of Congress construe this as a mere expression of a wish to retire to Mount Vernon? Let us see! On December 10th the Senate voted "an address to George Washington, President of the United States," recounting his invaluable services and closing with these words:

"The most effectual consolation that can offer for the loss we are about to sustain arises from the animating reflection that *the influence of your example will extend to your successors*, and the United States thus continue to enjoy an able, upright, and energetic administration."

And the House of Representatives on December 15th:

"For our country's sake, for the sake of republican liberty, it is our earnest wish *that your example may be the guide of your successors*, and thus, after being the ornament and safeguard of the present age, become *the patrimony of our descendants*."

Both addresses were voted unanimously. The great precedent was made by the most illustrious man of his age and ratified irrevocably without dissenting voice by the chosen representatives of all the States and all the people.

Thomas Jefferson was inaugurated as President in 1801 and was re-elected. When the date of the expiration of his second term drew near his party was in full control and Jefferson himself was at the height of his powers, mental and physical, as evidenced by the fact that he lived and studied and wrote for nineteen years thereafter. Nevertheless, when besought by the Legislature of Vermont to accept a third term, he replied, under date of December 10, 1807, as follows:

"That I should lay down my charge at a proper period is as much a duty as to have borne it faithfully. If some termination to the services of the Chief Magistrate be not fixed by the Constitution, or *supplied by practice*, his office, nominally for years, will in fact become for life; and history shows how easily that degenerates into an inheritance. Believing that a representative government responsible at short periods of election is that which produces the greatest sum of happiness to mankind, I feel it a duty to do no act which shall essentially impair that principle; and I should unwillingly be the person who, disregarding *the sound precedent set by an illustrious predecessor*, should furnish the first example of prolongation beyond the second term of office."

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Despite the great popularity of Jefferson and the well-nigh universal belief that his knowledge and experience constituted an equipment surpassing that possessed by any other, his resolution met with general approval. Speaking to the citizens of Philadelphia on February 3, 1808, he said:

"Your approbation of the motives for my retirement from the station so long confided to me is confirmation of their correctness. In no office can rotation be more expedient."

Again to the citizens of Wilmington on February 10th:

"It is a consolation to know that the motives for my retirement are approved; and although I withdraw from public functions I shall continue an anxious spectator of passing events, and offer to Heaven my constant prayers for the preservation of our republic, and especially of those its best principles which secure to all its citizens a perfect equality of rights."

Many years later, writing as the venerable sage of Monticello, he emphasized the increased strength of his conviction in his autobiography with notable explicitness thus:

"My wish was that the President should be elected for seven years and be ineligible afterward. But the practice adopted, I think, is better, *allowing his continuance for eight years, with a liability to be dropped at half-way of the term,* making that a period of probation. . . . Though this amendment has not been made in form, yet practice seems to have established it. The example of four Presidents voluntarily retiring at the end of their eighth year, and the progress of public opinion that the principle is salutary, have given it in practice the form of precedent and usage; insomuch that *should a President consent to be a candidate for a third election, I trust he would be rejected on this demonstration of ambitious views.*"

The four Presidents to whom Jefferson referred were Washington, himself, Madison, and Monroe, the last of whom was so popular that but one electoral vote was cast against his re-election. Neither he nor Madison, however, even contemplated for a moment the breaking of the tradition which they considered had already become an inviolable edict.

Andrew Jackson, the next President who achieved re-election, was a stickler for forms in written law. From the beginning to near the end of his terms, in specific language, he urged upon Congress the enactment of a statute definitely forbidding a third election. His appeal was disregarded solely upon the ground that the effect of the established precedent was fully binding and that further action was

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unnecessary. In this judgment Jackson finally acquiesced and in his last annual message he did not revert to the subject. That he abandoned the idea of definite prohibition with reluctance, however, and that he still viewed technical re-eligibility with apprehension is indicated by the solemn warning contained in his Farewell Address—to wit:

"You have no longer any cause to fear danger from abroad; your strength and power are well known throughout the civilized world, as well as the high and gallant bearing of your sons. It is from within, among yourselves—from cupidity, from corruption, from disappointed ambition and *inordinate thirst for power*—that factions will be formed and liberty endangered. It is against such designs, whatever disguise the actors may assume, that you have especially to guard yourselves."

The first attempt to break the rule thus established was made in 1875. Grant's second administration was drawing to a close, and the masterful clique which surrounded him and practically controlled his acts disclosed a purpose to obtain for their chief a third term. Instantly a storm of protestations arose and was crystallized finally in the following resolution adopted by the House of Representatives on December 15, 1875:

"*Resolved,* That in the opinion of this House, the precedent established by Washington and other Presidents of the United States in retiring from the Presidential office after their second term has become, by universal concurrence, a part of our republican system of government, and that any departure from this time-honored custom will be unwise, unpatriotic, and fraught with peril to our free institutions."

The vote was nearly unanimous—233 to 18—and was so strongly endorsed by the country that the schemers abandoned their project.

Four years later the attempt was renewed with great vigor. Grant's popularity had been enhanced materially by his receptions abroad; the difficulty of retaining the power which had been held only by chicanery in 1876 was uppermost in the minds of Republicans; and Roscoe Conkling was at the height of his fame and dominance. The issue was joined upon the insistence that the rule applied only to *consecutive* terms—a plea then entered for the first time, obviously to fit the case. Despite the common belief that only Grant could save their party from defeat, thousands of patriotic Republicans united in a determined effort to maintain the ancient tradition in its full integrity. Already the Republicans of New York, in convention assembled, had

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declared their "unalterable opposition to the election of any President for a third term." The Republicans of Massachusetts had resolved:

"That sound reason as well as the wise and unbroken usage of the republic, illustrated by the example of Washington, requires that the tenure of the Chief Magistracy of the United States shall not exceed a second term."

The Republicans of Pennsylvania had recorded:

"That we declare a firm and unqualified adherence to the unwritten law of the republic, which wisely and under the sanction of the most venerable of examples limits the Presidential service of any citizen to two terms; and we, the Republicans of Pennsylvania, in recognition of this law, are unalterably opposed to the election to the Presidency of any person for a third term."

The Republicans of Kansas had pronounced judgment:

"That the unwritten law enacted by the example of the Father of his Country in declining a re-election to a third term is as controlling as though it was incorporated in the National Constitution, and ought never to be violated."

To supplement and emphasize these expressions a National Convention of Republicans opposed to a third term was held in St. Louis on May 6, 1880. The following preamble to appropriate resolutions was adopted unanimously:

"In pursuance of the demand, and representing the convictions of what we believe to be a majority of the Republican party throughout the Union, this convention of Republicans has assembled for the purpose of declaring those convictions with reference to the present aspect of political affairs. This action is necessary in view of the determined efforts to force upon the party the nomination of a candidate for the Presidency for a third term in defiance not only of the traditions of the government, but also of the solemn declarations of the Republican party through its conventions in the largest and controlling Republican States, reaffirmed by its representatives in the popular branch of Congress, and adopted by the entire party in the declarations of its latest Presidential candidate."

Subsequently, despite the tremendous forces brought into action on his behalf, Grant was rejected by the Republican convention, and the unwritten law, which had already been upheld by the unanimous vote of the Democrats in Congress, was now definitely and officially sustained by the Republican party.

President McKinley was inaugurated a second time on March 4, 1901. On June 10th of that year he made the following proclamation directly to the people:

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"I regret that the suggestion of a third term has been made. I doubt whether I am called upon to give to it notice, but there are new questions of the gravest importance before the administration and the country, and their just consideration should not be prejudiced in the public mind by even the suspicion of the thought of a third term.

"In view, therefore, of the reiteration of the suggestion of it, I will now say, once for all, expressing a long-settled conviction, that *I not only am not and will not be a candidate for a third term, but I would not accept a nomination for it if it were tendered to me.*

"My only ambition is to serve through my second term to the acceptance of my countrymen, whose generous confidence I so deeply appreciate, and then with them to do my duty in the ranks of private citizenship.—WILLIAM MCKINLEY."

That, in conformity with the solemn pledge of his party made in 1880, President McKinley rejected the subterfuge of "non-consecutive" terms is clearly evidenced in his concluding sentence. That he regarded the tradition itself as binding he left no room for doubt. Immediately after the Cabinet council in which the President's announcement was discussed, Postmaster-General Charles Emory Smith said:

"In taking this step President McKinley has not only followed his personal inclinations, but he is actuated by a deep sense of duty and by his belief in a principle of our institutions which he thinks absolute and unchangeable."

The statement of John D. Long, the Secretary of the Navy, was to the same effect:

"I am satisfied that personally he did not desire, nor would he have been willing to accept, a third term. After eight years of the burdens and responsibilities of office he looks forward to the relief of private life.

"As a matter of principle and conviction also he would not accept a third term, and he evidently felt it his duty to confirm the traditions of his country in this respect. This action of his, I believe, will do more than anything else can do to settle this question for all time."

Emulating his predecessor's example, President Roosevelt declared his fidelity to the established custom with characteristic promptitude. On the evening of the day on which he was re-elected, November 8, 1904, he issued this carefully phrased statement:

"On the fourth of March next I shall have served three and one-half years, and this three and one-half years constitute my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form, and under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination."

Three years later—on December 11, 1907—he reiterated his declaration in these words:

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"I have not changed and shall not change that decision thus announced."

This action upon the part of President Roosevelt was duly celebrated and heartily applauded in the ensuing Republican convention in 1908, when the Chairman, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, declared, with marked fervor:

"Nothing has added so much to his just fame as his persistent and irrevocable refusal to break the unwritten law of the Republic by accepting a nomination for a third term. By this act of self-abnegation he places his name and fame in the secure keeping of history by the side of that of the immortal Washington."

This completes the record of the great tradition which has been held inviolate for one hundred and sixteen years. Of the most sagacious commentators upon American institutions, De Tocqueville strongly urged its establishment and James Bryce pronounced its unbroken maintenance conclusive. In *The American Commonwealth*, Mr. Bryce says:

"Washington submitted to be re-elected in 1792. But when he had served this second term he absolutely refused to serve a third, urging the risk to republican institutions of suffering the same man to continue constantly in office. . . . In the Republican party convention of 1880 a powerful group of the delegates put forward Grant for nomination as the party candidate, alleging his special services as a ground for giving him the honor of a third term. Had there not been among the Republicans themselves a section personally hostile to Grant, or rather to those who surrounded him, the attempt might have succeeded, though it would probably have involved defeat at the polls. But this hostile section found the prepossession of the people against a third term so strong that, by appealing to the established tradition, they defeated the Grant men in the convention. This precedent has been taken as practically decisive for the future, because General Grant, though his administration had been marked by grave faults, was an exceptionally popular figure. A principle affirmed against him is not likely to be departed from in favor of any aspirant for many elections to come."

And yet Mr. Roosevelt is now an avowed candidate for a third term. The "act of self-abnegation," marked by his "persistent and irrevocable refusal to break the unwritten law of the Republic," thus "placing his name and fame in the secure keeping of history by the side of that of the immortal Washington," is repudiated and the beneficent consequences thereof are forfeited beyond recall. That fact of itself, since it bears merely upon the reputation for mental and moral integrity of an individual, is of comparatively little moment. But the basis of, or rather the pretext

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for, the attempt to break down the established tradition is of vital importance. Mr. Roosevelt sets it forth in these words:

"My position is perfectly clear. I stated it as clearly as I could in 1904 and reiterated it in 1907. I said that I would not accept a nomination for a third term under any circumstances, meaning, of course, a third consecutive term.

"I could not have said less at the time, nor could I have said more. Of course I could not then know whether or not there would be a demand for me to accept a nomination at some future time. And believing as I do that the selection of candidates for the Presidency rests entirely with the people, I could not say that at no time in my life would I accept another nomination."

This is simply ridiculous. Surely Mr. Roosevelt could have said less; he need not have said anything. There was no public or private demand that he should declare his resolution. His utterance, in fact, evoked general surprise quite equal to the gratification which it afforded those who had professed faith in his fidelity to principle and law, written or unwritten, with regard no less to "substance" than to "form." How idle, moreover, to assert that he could not have said more! If it was his real intent to limit his renunciation to a third "consecutive" term, the addition of a single word would have made his meaning clear.

That Mr. Roosevelt "could not then know" whether or not there would be a demand for him to "accept a nomination at some future time" is obvious; so obvious indeed, that clearly he could not then have known whether such a demand might not arise at the end of his second term; in which case, "believing that the selection of candidates rests entirely with the people," would he have felt impelled to attribute yet another inconceivable spirit to the letter of his pledge? And why could not he say that at no time would he accept another nomination? No such embarrassment confronted Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, or McKinley, though no one of those defined his attitude with half the explicitness or emphasis employed by President Roosevelt.

Apologists assert that Mr. Roosevelt has merely "changed his mind" in conformity with his undoubted right. Not so Mr. Roosevelt himself! With redoubled vigor he insists that he is of the same opinion still—that opinion being, of course, not the opinion stated, but the opinion privately held for subsequent interpretation by himself.

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But the tergiversations of a fantastic intellect sink into insignificance when contrasted with the theory upon which this apparent reversal of position is based. Mr. Roosevelt continues:

"It must be clear to any reasonable man that the precedent which forbids a third term has reference only to a third consecutive term. It grew out of the fact that a President of the United States under the present convention system of electing delegates, can, if he knows how to use the machinery at his disposal, renominate himself, even though the majority of his party is against him. But after he has been out of office for a term he has lost control of that machinery. He is in the position absolutely of any private citizen. The machinery is then in the hands of the man occupying the office of President."

On the contrary, "it must be clear" to any person familiar with our political history, or to any one who has read the foregoing record, that the precedent forbidding a third term bears no reference whatever to "the present convention system of electing delegates." The precedent was established by Washington in 1796, was recognized by both Houses of Congress, was confirmed by Jefferson, was accepted by Madison and Monroe, and was ratified with great positiveness by Jackson before a national convention was ever held or conceived of. Its purpose, plainly set forth, was to limit the duration of any man's service as President to eight years, "with a liability to be dropped at half-way of the term." None of these great Presidents ever contemplated the possibility of returning to his former position after a lapse of years in retirement. Each recognized "the wise custom" and adhered strictly to the determination tersely expressed by Mr. Roosevelt himself "not to be a candidate for or accept another nomination" at any time during the remainder of his life.

So much for Mr. Roosevelt's attempt to revive the non-consecutive subterfuge, which was raised by the supporters of Grant and met its logical fate in the Republican convention of 1880.

We need not dwell longer upon the shuffling evasions and paltry excuses of Mr. Roosevelt. Far more important are the explanatory defenses of those of his supporters who are supposed to be more fully endowed with the sense of moral discrimination. One in particular must not pass unnoticed. A famous and revered teacher of religion, whose name shall find no place here in connection with the promulgation

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of such a code, puts forth the following "homely illustration" of Mr. Roosevelt's ethical methods:

"When a man says at breakfast in the morning, 'No, thank you, I will not take any more coffee,' it does not mean that he will not take any more coffee to-morrow morning, or next week, or next month, or next year."

The imperfection of the analogy is apparent. Mr. Roosevelt was offered nothing, declined nothing. Clearly, since he had not yet even entered upon his second term, he was speaking not of the present, but of the future. Regard for the merest approach toward accuracy should have impelled his vindicator to present his homely and no less amazing illustration in words such as these:

"When a man says at breakfast in the morning, 'The wise custom which, in consideration of the public health, forbids one in my position to set a harmful example by partaking of more coffee, regards the substance and not the form, and under no circumstances will I seek or accept another cup.'"

Even so, however, there would remain for use in case of need the somewhat antiquated doctrine of mental reservation—obviously the only one which could justify to a teacher of morals a contrary interpretation of an explicit pledge. What the good divine would say to a man convicted of adultery who should plead, "Truly, I pledged fidelity, but that did not mean that I should be faithful the next day, the next week, or the next year," we cannot venture to imagine. Pertinent admonitions without number might be quoted from the Good Book, but adequate treatment of ethical perversion arising from a personal obsession would involve the application of principles of psychology to an extent far too painful, in the present deplorable instance, for contemplation.

But we are told that if a third term be considered pernicious, a like objection must apply to a second term. The answer, of course, is that *acceptance* of a second term and *rejection* of a third term are equally confirmed as rightful and proper by the usage of a century.

Why, we are asked, was not the prohibition incorporated in our written Constitution? And why should heed be paid to a "mere sentiment"? The answer to the first question, we believe, will be found conclusive in the record presented above. History responds to the other. Our Saxon ancestors

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owed their freedom to the preservation of their *customs*, such as now constitute the fundamental law of England. Few of those customs were as firmly established as this one of ours by uninterrupted use and universal approval of people and Presidents for more than a hundred years, but they were customs generally acquiesced in and, therefore, laws which safeguarded their rights against the encroachments of monarchy. When a king undertook, with the aid of his parasites, to force a surrender of those rights, the barons gave him " that memorable answer, simple, to be sure, but made sublime by the occasion ":

" *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutare!*"

(" We *will not* change the laws of England!")

This was the dictum that Grant received from the Congress of 1875 and from the Republican convention of 1880 when he and *his* parasites tried to force the abandonment of a custom which had become a " part of *our* free institutions."

But Grant did not recognize the validity of the law. Roosevelt does—or did. His attitude, as of to-day if not as of " to-morrow or next week or next year," is favorable to the maintenance of the " wise custom," with, however, a " mental reservation " which allows an *exception* in time of stress or imagined need. This, his supporters declare, is such a time, and in justification of their conduct they adduce the following segregated sentence from Washington's letter to Lafayette in 1788:

"I can see no propriety in precluding ourselves from the services of any man who on *some great emergency* shall be deemed *universally* most capable of serving the public."

Eight years later, speaking from a vision broadened by actual experience, Washington defined his words by his acts. That he was " universally deemed the most capable " there can be no question. And there was no lack of " emergencies " in the putting into effective practice of the theories of the new government and in a threatening of war with France. Nevertheless, he voluntarily withdrew to private life and thereby set " an example " which has indeed become " the patrimony of our descendants."

What, then, is the " great emergency " which now confronts the Nation and demands the violation not only of a sacred tradition, but of the personal pledge of an American

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President to the American people? We are not engaged in a mighty war, such as undoubtedly Washington had in mind in 1788, as constituting exceptional necessity. We are at peace with all the world and, under the guidance of our present Chief Magistrate, are leaders of a world-wide movement to insure pacific relations among all peoples. Laws are being enforced more consistently and are respected more highly than at any time since the Civil War. Our serious internal problems are in process of solution by use of the adequate methods provided by our fundamental law. But for constant agitation by ambitious and unscrupulous demagogues, there would be no more of unrest than is natural to a great and rapidly increasing population. There is no plague of pauperism or poverty. The physical, mental, and moral condition of our whole people is infinitely superior to that of any other. Surely no "great emergency" now actually exists.

Is it, then, in anticipation of a mighty crisis about to arise that a violent wrench in our governmental system is deemed essential to the preservation of our lives, our properties, and our liberties? And who is the man "*universally* deemed most capable of serving the public"? Is it Roosevelt? Do *all* the people consider that he is better equipped than Taft, let us say, to deal with the troublesome conditions in Mexico, in Cuba, in Porto Rica, in China? Does *anybody* of intelligence? Do *all* the people think Roosevelt is more capable or more desirous than Taft of enforcing the laws against pillaging corporations? Has he so shown himself? Do *all* the people regard Roosevelt as purer in thought, word, and deed than Taft, as more manly, more straightforward, more sagacious, more patient, more unselfish, more devoted to his fellows, more competent, because of temperament, disposition, even manners, to meet all crises or *any* crisis that may arise? Is he more sincere? Is he more honest? Is he more truthful? Is he more dependable? Is he a better American? Is he, in fine, the possessor of a single attribute, desirable in a Chief Magistrate, not held in superior measure by Mr. Taft?

There can be but one answer to these questions. There *is* no "great emergency" and there *is* no "universal demand" for a revival of the explosive gyrations which made Roosevelt's administration as grotesque in the eyes of the world as it was, in effect, unavailing at home.

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What, then, is the ultimate object of those who now give color to the claim that our most cherished tradition must be trampled under foot in order that a personal ambition may be served, a personal vengefulness gratified? Why these desperate efforts to advance a movement from which even the warmest friends of the eager recipient have recoiled in disgust? Is emotional fervor, unhampered by reason, the actuating motive? Of some deluded persons, no doubt. But what of "the seven Governors" who heedlessly incite warfare upon established institutions and urge upon the populace a fancied need to tear away the foundations of representative government? Are they merely ignorant, or are they, too, like the noted divine, obsessed by a spectacular personality? Surely they must be aware that they are engaged in a conspiracy to wipe out the Constitution once for all and to have done with its restraints upon arbitrary power. So much they have been told plainly by their standard-bearer. Even though the treasonable words had not been uttered in Columbus, these men cannot yet have forgotten that, while President, Roosevelt never so much as stopped to inquire what was in the Constitution which he had sworn to protect, preserve, and defend; that if he had taken an oath to destroy it, his hostility could not have been more pronounced; that his one idea of government was a system of absolutism without law, giving him full power to reward those who had contributed to his own success and to punish those who had not; that all authority not explicitly withheld by written law was his and his alone. Assuredly the "seven Governors" knew all this. And yet even now, when in so many words their leader proposes to obliterate the judiciary in particular and representative government in general, they continue to wave the flag whose advancement as a signal of triumph could spell only Cæsarism or anarchy. To all such we commend earnest perusal of the words of one whose mantle has been grasped with ruthless hands by the apostle of impudence. On January 27, 1832, in Springfield, Illinois, Abraham Lincoln rose and spoke as follows:

"Ambitious men will spring up who will find no gratification in supporting and maintaining an edifice that has been erected by others. Towering genius disdains a beaten path. It seeks regions hitherto unexplored. It scorns to tread in the footsteps of any predecessor, however illustrious. It throbs and burns for distinction, and if possible it will have it.

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"When such a man appears it will require the people to be united with each other, attached to government and laws and generally intelligent, to successfully frustrate his designs.

"Distinction will be his paramount object, and although he will as willingly—perhaps more so—acquire it by doing good as harm, yet that opportunity being present, and nothing left to be done in the way of building up, he would set boldly to the task of pulling down."

Such an one has sprung up and is now appealing to the mob. We anticipate the consequences of his audacious action with the utmost complacency. Betrayal of a friend might be overlooked. Disdain of fundamental law is the natural sprout of a lawless mind and, in time of excitement, might pass unrebuked. But we live in implicit faith that never will the American people repudiate their splendid tradition, their *lex legum,* which stands as the unconquerable fortress of popular government against personal aggrandizement and bears a relationship to civilization akin to that to all humanity of the great unwritten law of Nature, whose "seat is in the bosom of God and whose voice is the harmony of the world."

THE EDITOR.

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CAN THE CHINESE REPUBLIC ENDURE?

BY ADACHI KINNOSUKÉ

THE Chung Hwa Republic, as the revolutionary leaders have named the New China, is no longer a thing of to-morrow. It is in the cradle. The world asks whether this astounding, turbulent child can live. In other words, are the Chinese people qualified to maintain a republican government?

China has been for ages the home of the most democratic race in Asia. Strange as this fact may be to Occidental minds, it is familiar to all the Far East. *Yorozu Choho*, a halfpenny daily published in Tokio, the newspaper of the crowd rather than of the thinkers, put the Oriental idea in a phrase the other day: "China is a Yellow America and America a White China." Yes, the fact has been existent for ages; only since the tenth day of last October has China added a few dramatic gestures in making it known to all the world.

A people lives by its ideals as truly as lives a man. Chinese scholars for ages have looked back with regret, with devotion, with unspeakable yearnings, to—

"The days of Yao and the time of Shun."

Yao was Emperor of China from 2357 B.C. to 2254 B.C. His father was a mere humble citizen, and he ascended the throne because—as the ancient chronicle has it—"his virtue as a magnet drew the hearts of the people to him." At the end of his reign of one hundred and three years, Yao, about to die, named as his successor no son of his own, but the learned and able Shun, who was the choice of the people. Shun reigned from 2255 B.C. to 2204 B.C. and then relinquished the sceptre to Yu, an outsider who had undergone the severest test and was the choice of the people. China

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had then no system of election machinery such as we moderns know, yet the will of the people was unerringly recorded. So, at least, the accepted historians tell, although a few scoffers pretend that Yao died in prison and Shun became a wanderer in the wilderness. What I would emphasize, in order to illustrate the emotional and mental attitude of the Chinese people to-day is that to them Yao and Shun stand for the qualities Americans revere in Washington. Also with them there is no tradition, or even fiction, of crown or scepter handed down from father to son. They have revered and obeyed the throne during forty centuries or more, as the concrete, though sometimes clouded, expression of the national authority, not as the embodiment of a divinely chosen dynasty.

If Americans were worshipers of the past, as the Chinese are—instead of warmed by the heady wine of progress and lure of the future—then you would rightly estimate the powerful influence of "the days of Yao and the time of Shun" upon the children of Han even to this present year of grace. It is not these individual emperors who dominate the dreams of the Chinese, but rather the golden age of democracy during which they governed. The days of Yao and Shun were democratic; old, very old-fashioned, rugged, a little paternal, but democratic to the core.

The Chinese, then, started from their race infancy with democracy as their political ideal. This ideal has never been allowed to die completely; it twinkles and glimmers through the stormiest days of struggle. It was their great political prophet Mencius, who said to a ruler: "If you can win the hill people—*i. e.*, the humblest of the common folk—then, indeed, will you become the Son of Heaven." Also when Wuwang slew the tyrant emperor Chou and so founded the Chau Dynasty, 1122 B.C., historians wrote: "Wuwang did not slay his ruler; he simply executed a tyrannical individual." It is a classic saying in all Han: "The Under-Heaven—the world and all its people—is not the Under-Heaven of one person: it is the Under-Heaven of all the under-Heaven."

One could quote thousands of similar expressions of the democratic idea flourishing in the hearts of the people. Often it bore fruit. Liu Pang, founder of the great Han Dynasty, rose to the throne from the humble position of village chief or burgomaster. There were many other

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plebeian emperors. Any boy or girl of any social plane might hope to "mount the blue clouds" to any higher plane. China has had no strictly hereditary aristocracy. The people have always regarded their rulers as of no rarer clay than themselves—the very antithesis of the belief of their neighbors across the Yellow and Japan Seas, over whom one dynasty, divinely founded, has ruled for more than twenty-five centuries.

Moreover, the Chinese law of descent does not recognize the right of primogeniture. Said De Tocqueville, speaking of the far-reaching influence of this law on the future life of a nation: "I am surprised that ancient and modern jurists have not attributed to this law a greater influence on human affairs." Primogeniture is the father of aristocracy the world over; under the law of undivided inheritance, estates pass from generation to generation; accumulation of property intensifies family sentiments, family pride in its origin and history, its power and its glory. The law of partible inheritance, on the other hand, "not only renders it difficult for families to preserve their ancestral domains entire, but it deprives them of the inclination to attempt it." In China to-day, as in ages past, all the male children share the property of their father alike at his death. The widow, if there be one, receives a portion equal to double of one of her son's.

Democracy in China has expressed itself in another form. As early as the fourth century before the Christian era one of their famous philosophers, Motse by name, was wont to preach what may be called an agricultural socialism. His doctrine was that the farmers were the real sovereigns of the land and that they who dwelt in palaces were sovereigns only in name. To him the real producers were the real citizens of the land, and the rest, such as officials, educators, men of letters, and so on, were mere parasites who should remain subservient to the tillers of the soil. Wang Anshi, favorite minister of the Emperor Shentsung (1068-1086 A.D.) received permission to put his socialistic theories into practice, nationalizing the sale of produce of the whole empire, lending government funds to poor farmers at two per cent. a month, and imposing an income tax on other classes.

The Chinese have enjoyed during many centuries the practice of self-government and majority rule under the very eyes of the worst despots that ever sat enthroned. For

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in sheer self-defense against official corruption the people organized all sorts of secret unions, the most widely known of which among Americans and Europeans are the trade guilds. These unions dispensed justice between man and man and governed the conduct of trade. Their leaders inaugurated and enforced the policy of honesty that gives Chinese financial credit to-day the highest standing in the world. I believe that the world has never seen a more dramatic proof of this fact than the present status of the Chinese government bond.

The Imperial Chinese Government five-per-cent. Hukuang Railways sinking-fund gold loan bond was offered for public subscription at .97 and accrued interest. After more than three months of revolution, when the Peking government has lost nearly fifteen provinces out of the eighteen of China proper; when not only the Peking treasury, but also the revolutionary republicans are bankrupt, are actually without money to pay their soldiers and administrative expenses; when the whole country is overrun with armed bandits; business strangled to death by anarchy; when there are said to be three millions of people without food; when Yuan Shikai, the only man from all reports upon whom foreign Powers rely, is playing the heroic rôle of an out-of-date Joshua bidding the sun of the Manchu to stand still on the hills of the Far-Eastern Gibeon; when the Ta Tsing dynasty and the glories that were Kanghi and Kueilung are ready to give up the imperial ghost as eagerly as any scared burglar—to-day, when all these things and more are true, what is the price you will have to pay for the Chinese bond? Ninety-four—only three points off the original price!

It is a financial miracle.

Its meaning becomes more striking still when one reads the above fact in the light of the history of American finance at the time of the Civil War. Mr. Chase, then Secretary of the Treasury, sent Mr. R. J. Walker (formerly Secretary of the Treasury under President Polk) to Europe as a special revenue agent to interest the London and Paris stock exchanges. He failed. To be sure, there was the bitter political opposition of Louis Napoleon and Lord Palmerston. Still, financial distrust was a factor.

It has been said that the great undeveloped resources of the Chinese Empire inspire a deep confidence in foreign capitalists. If this be true, America at the time of her

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Civil War should at least have commanded as much financial faith abroad. All signs seem to point in another direction for the explanation of this latter-day miracle—the real author of the miracle is the traditional reputation of Chinese commercial integrity. Whatever happens—so the faith of the foreign capitalists seems to say—the Chinese know what commercial and financial obligation means; they understand the meaning of a contract as no other race of people do; our money is safe whatever happens. It is wonderful—all the more wonderful because this miracle of faith is spelled out in cold cash: and money is not sentimental. Capital is always notoriously timid. Whence comes, then, the high standing of Chinese financial integrity? The answer is inescapable—from the guild system of China. And this among a people noted for exaggeration and mutilation of the truth. "In China," writes Dr. Arthur H. Smith, "a fact is the hardest thing in the world to discover."

Truly the power and honesty of the Chinese guilds may be called miraculous. Numberless transactions, involving thousands upon thousands of taels, are conducted and settled upon the mere word of merchants and their own entries in their books. Disputes occur, of course, but no one worries. The merchants know that it is not an individual who will judge the matter. The guild delivers its decision after looking into the dispute and by majority votes. Does a mercantile body of Canton wish to have a certain municipal measure passed? It does not go to the mandarin; it submits the matter to the guild. Only the foolish, the mad, or the vain carry their litigation into public courts; for there, too often, he who buries the real coins of the realm in that bottomless grave called the mandarin's pocket comes out the winner.

The people of China have learned to go to the guild with their disputes because they have come to see the sanity and justice of the majority judgment. They have tried and tested the actions of the guild system and have come to realize that this democratic institution gives them a greater measure of fair treatment than they could find elsewhere. Merchants are not the only class of people who combine in a guild or a similar organization. Long before America was discovered, in the days of Kublai Khan and his Yuan dynasty (1279-1333 A.D.), the Capitalists' Association carried on its business in a way which need not blush by comparison

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with the great American trusts of to-day. Even the beggars have their guild—now one of the most powerful in China.

Poor brides form clubs and so raise the money to buy their trousseaux. The hired mourners at funerals have their union. Indeed, high and low and in every province, the Chinese form themselves into all manner of associations and guilds. These associations have been for ages the elementary schools for them in republican forms of administration. There the Chinese have had actual practice in popular administration rare in the experience of any people. Moreover, of recent centuries, thanks to the incapacity and still more to the indifference of the mandarin class, the Chinese have enjoyed a large measure of local administration. The mandarin, who rarely stays at one place long enough to enable him to get acquainted with the special needs and local usages, has been in a large measure compelled to rely upon his subordinates and on the suggestions of the local organizations, such as guilds. That is the reason why in every law court in China the judge invariably inquires what has been the verdict of the family council or of the guild on the particular case brought before him. And he rarely reverses the decision rendered by local guild or family conclave. The mandarin intrusts village or district councils with the management of local affairs.

We see, in brief, that the Chinese, who never forget, have during forty centuries worshiped democratic ideals; that they have long practised in secret the art of self-government; that no matter how dynasties flourished or fell, public and private honesty has been the rule among the people. Do not the facts we have reviewed promise a long and happy future for the infant Chung Hwa Republic?

ADACHI KINNOSUKÉ.

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FRANCE OF TO-DAY*

BY GUSTAVE LANSON

In submitting the following thesis, it is with the purpose of laying before American readers some general ideas about France, ideas which might be of use to them as a framework within which to classify and put in order their own observation. I do not ask to be taken at my word, but rather that the testimony offered be regarded as an hypothesis or as advice which may be scrutinized or verified by individual research.

The first general condition to which our national life is subjected in France is our age; we are an old country. We have behind us nine or ten centuries of civilization and of intense activity in every direction. The first consequence of this age is that our progress of to-day seems slow. Younger nations go forward at a quicker pace; their growth is more rapid; if our growth which dates back so many centuries has not stopped, it has at least become more slow.

Again, our wealth and our culture are already ancient, and the result is, with many among us, a tendency not, perhaps, to the repose of inactivity, but to more disinterested forms of activity; the pressure of material needs is not so strong. We have a marked tendency toward art, toward intellectual professions, toward all forms of activity which seem noble because their immediate purpose is not gain, and lastly, our instrumentalities for all human affairs date back some centuries, and within the last fifty or sixty years the world has gone forward at a rapid rate and our instrumentalities have grown old.

Besides this general condition of the whole national life in France, three great events have shaped our development

* A lecture delivered by Professor Gustave Lanson to l'Alliance Française in New York, on the 8th day of November, 1911, and translated by Mr. Paul Fuller.

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in the last forty years. The first was the establishment of the Republican régime, the second the Franco-German War of 1870-1871, and the third is a matter of world history—the last half-century's spread of Socialism.

During the last forty years we have made great efforts to meet all the exigencies of these new conditions of being. We had to provide for the national defense and the rebuilding of our military forces. We had to transform our institutions and put them in accord both with the principles of the Republican régime and with the new economic and social environment. We had to modernize and transform the industrial and commercial instrumentalities of the country.

One visible evidence of our national activity is the legislative work of these last forty years. Not since the work of Napoleon is any such labor of reorganization to be found in our history. First, the school laws which made primary education obligatory and free and spread it throughout the land, which created secondary education for girls, which so remodeled our higher education that our rejuvenated universities contribute every year increasing progress to the science and erudition of France and of the world. The religious laws have brought into the life of the Catholic Church in France the greatest change seen for centuries. It was not only the Concordat of Napoleon I. that was abolished, but the Church faced the sudden termination of a régime under which she labored from the time of Francis I.; and if, by a misfortune, without attempting to fix the responsibility for it, she has been impoverished, on the other hand she has recovered an independence which she had lost for nearly four centuries. Economic and social laws; a transformation of the customs service; the establishment of protective tariff; a complete system of labor legislation; the protection of women and children employed in manufacture; labor insurance and pensions; laws of public aid; laws regulating the freedom of association under which professional syndicates have been organized; military laws, applying the obligation of military service more and more completely to every citizen by the successive suppression of all privileges or exemptions; the reorganization of the old and the creation of new military equipment; the construction of fortifications, etc., etc. And, lastly, financial laws to meet in the first place the enormous expenditures

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resulting directly or indirectly from the disastrous war of 1870 and the increasing expenses required by new legislation in every direction.

Add to all this effort the formation of a great Colonial Empire, an Empire such as France has not had since the time when she was mistress of Canada, Louisiana, and the Indies. Compare a map of the world in 1870 with a map of the world to-day. What did we possess in 1870?

Besides Algeria we had the insignificant Senegal in Africa; in America we had Guiana and two or three islands in the Antilles. We had some islands in Oceania and a restricted territory in Cochin China, with the small protectorate of Cambodia.

In 1911 Colonial France comprised almost all the immense peninsula of Indo-China, where Annam and Tonquin have been added to Cochin China and Cambodia; the great island of Madagascar; vast territories in the Soudan and the Congo. In North Africa, Algeria is protected on one side by Tunis, whose Bey has placed himself under our protectorate; on the other side by Morocco, where our rights and our authority are daily more and more completely recognized.

This is a sketch of the enormous work which is apparent at a glance. We must remember that this work was accomplished in the midst of bitter party contests, and it may be useful to recall that amid the violence of these party discords we have on two or three occasions within recent years been upon the verge of civil war. Such a disaster was avoided by the patience and mildness engendered by a deeply rooted civilization and by the memory of the civil war of 1871 which followed the Franco-German conflict. The lesson of the Commune has been thoroughly impressed upon and remains fresh in the minds of all the various parties and, except in rare instances, has contributed to hold within the limits of legal action all political passions, no matter how angry.

It was in the midst of such conflicts that the progress referred to was carried out; and if stress upon this has been laid, it is because the accomplishment was not that of an administration or of a party, but of the whole nation. It is true that on certain points and with reference to certain laws a part of the nation presented all the resistance possible and that the extreme Left or the extreme Right made

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violent opposition to some of the movements; but it may be safely said that every one of the groups has on many occasions and very effectively united with the Government and with the majority in accomplishing these results. The work done, whether good or bad, has been in truth the work of the whole nation.

This legislation need not be referred to were it only a question of idle formulæ, meant to be buried in some official journal or in some Code; but these laws are the result of the serious interest and preoccupation of the mass of the nation and they have definitely guided into new channels the exercise of the nation's activities. The impulse which produced this result came from the whole people; it was the nation which furnished to the various administrations the power of action; it is the nation that is to be affected by the action taken and we must, therefore, examine and try to understand that nation.

Without doing injustice to the various elements which in succession or together have worked to make the France of to-day; without injustice to the royal or imperial dynasties, to the nobility, to the clergy, to the savants, to the merchants, we may affirm that two classes above all others have constructed France as we see her, and these are the peasants and the law-builders *(légistes)*.

We are a nation of peasants, of peasants attached to the soil, devoted to their labor, and trained in economy. They follow a routine; they live upon hereditary experience; they prefer to resist evils and deceptions with that patience which brings renewed effort, rather than with modernisms which simply change the form of their activity.

They have passed through frightful crises during the last thirty years; twice the vine-growers of the south were ruined; they made a great outcry because they are of the south, but they never gave up; they replanted the vineyards which the phylloxera had destroyed; they struggled against the economic conditions which in later years cut off the sale of their wine, and on both occasions they got upon their feet again.

The wheat-growers did not make such an outcry; it was not in their temperament; they simply drew out their savings from their woolen stockings and continued to turn over the soil and to wait for better days.

However devoted to routine our peasants may be, they

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are not refractory to any progress which they once understand, but to understand means for them not to listen to discourses, to reasonings, to mere words; to understand means for them to see and to realize.

Pasteur made his experiments in the midst of an agricultural people; for weeks he demonstrated how by preventive inoculation he could protect the sheep against the sting of the anthrax fly. The farmers in the Brie, in the Beauce, who every year had suffered heavy losses from infected animals, looked on at first incredulous, unbelieving, mocking, ready for a laugh at this gentleman from Paris, but they watched, they examined, and when the experiments were over they accepted the accomplished fact; in a few years there was not a sheep in the Beauce or in the Brie which had not been inoculated.

Out of this mass of the peasantry there developed a *bourgeoisie* of law-builders and out of the *bourgeoisie* in course of time other elements came to the surface, but the fundamental element which impressed its character upon the class were the law-builders. The *bourgeois* is as laborious as the peasant and as economical, his intelligence is clear, subtle, logical, exacting order and reason in everything; order throughout society as well as orderly thought. Both peasant and *bourgeois* are possibly somewhat narrow, lacking, perhaps, in elevation. Their good sense, their common sense, may not rise to the height of the imaginative and passionate thought of certain races; they are not at all mystical and have but little of the poetic. They require that their sentiment be guided by intelligence and subjected to critical examination and to the clear light of conscience so that their reason may confirm it; they are not lacking in idealism, but their idealism is reasonable and practical. It consists in extending to its utmost bounds the respect for humanity and the triumph of intelligence. There are three words that have always been a power in French development and these words are Truth, Equality, Justice.

Our national character is, on the whole, a combination of routine and of hardihood; of patient docility and revolutionary outbursts. While we examine, while we criticize, while we mock, yet we are long and patiently obedient to authority and to hereditary prejudices. Before it decides upon action, the French mind requires certainty of proof, and this certainty must be not only of the mind, but of the heart, and

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then the feeling of right is the motive of action and furnishes the motive power for action. The people, after prolonged submission, suddenly revolts against further submission and then comes the revolution.

One characteristic throughout our history is that the Frenchman does not oppose his rulers by a daily and continuous resistance; he submits for a long time, then suddenly rebels and in one day retakes what is due him.

The morals and customs of the country were, like its laws, the formation of long centuries of monarchy, and during the past forty years the country has labored to adapt itself to the new conditions of republican liberty. Under the monarchy, domestic and worldly morals had developed, but not any sense of civic right or duty.

As a consequence our worldly intercourse was intense and it was charming. There is no need to emphasize this. All foreigners recognize it at first sight and our critics are little disposed to contest our possession of all the qualities and the virtues of openness and good fellowship, amiability, politeness, pleasant intercourse, mutual regard and attention; the effacing of self and consideration for the self of others; the disposition to bear burdens in order to spare others; all these have universal recognition.

We had equally strong ties of family life and an impregnable tradition of domestic virtues, but these qualities foreigners were not so ready to recognize. They were blinded to them by many obstacles. In the first place, there are countries where education and customs require a severity of demeanor and even extreme rigorism in manners and in language. There are countries where nothing is so greatly esteemed as respectability. When from such lands visitors reach France, they cannot but be astonished and perhaps shocked. The Frenchman loves laughter. He has a bantering, ironic, mischief-loving spirit. He takes pleasure in mockery; he is afraid to be suspected of preaching or moralizing. Rigorists excite his mockery and at times he pushes to an extreme in action and in speech his horror of the "air severe." From the earliest times of our literature the vice for which Frenchmen have found the harshest blame, the vice which they have most keenly satirized is hypocrisy, and not infrequently we interpreted the exhibition of severity as an index of hypocrisy. Many worthy people among us, men of a firm and serious conscience mask these virtues

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under appearances of lightness which deceive the foreigner.

Nor does our literature tend to dissipate the misjudgment. I do not hold that the French novel has purposely or continuously slandered French morals.* It would not be difficult to point out works where one may find them truly pictured, but these are not among the most conspicuous nor the better known, and foreigners who have not become intimate with our life have a tendency to accept as truth the darkest pictures and the most shocking.

As a fact our family morals are good. The scandals which periodicals and the daily press spread before us are with us, as elsewhere, exceptional and accidental. Family life in France is orderly, gentle, and affectionate. The child is coddled, spoiled if you will, precisely as elsewhere. Parental authority is exercised less arbitrarily and less severely than in earlier times. The child is often allowed at an early age his freedom of speech. He is almost the comrade of his parents, but this familiarity, far from weakening, rather strengthens the bond between them.

One sign of this intimate union of the child and his parents is that wherever social requirements permit of it the boarding-school is falling off. The great *Lycées* of Paris which formely had a large contingent of boarding pupils have to-day but a handful, while the total number of their pupils has increased. What does this indicate except that as communication between the various quarters of Paris has become easier, the families keep their children at home as much as may be and only yield them to the public establishments of education for the few hours during which instruction is given?

The Frenchwoman is to-day the counselor, the collaborator, the partner of her husband; the comrade of good days and of bad, and frequently one finds peasants who would not make a bargain, nor buy a cow, nor sell a calf without the counsel of the "mistress" or the *bourgeoise,* as he calls her. Throughout the other classes—professional, industrial, commercial, and even intellectual—it is by no means rare to find wives who, without losing sight of their housekeeping or of their worldly and social duties, are in touch with the labors and the ambitions of their husbands.

* This lack of insight cannot, however, be attributed to Mr. Barrett Wendell, whose recent work shows a thorough appreciation of home life in France.

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They do not ask to be set apart nor are they set apart from our interests, our enterprises, or our troubles.

The siege of Paris demonstrated to what extent the Frenchwoman in every rank, from the working-woman to the wealthy *bourgeoise*, can, under the veil of the humble housekeeper or under the light appearance of the worldly woman, display a firmness and patience in sacrifice—heroism, in a word; with what simplicity, with what a cheerful humor, sustained by innate pride, she withstood the hunger, the cold, the horrors of bombardment, giving freely to the country, without hesitation and without display, more than her own life—the life of her husband, the life of her sons—and all without a hint of weakness or murmur of complaint.

On the other hand, we must admit that until very recent times the social conscience in France has shown but feeble development. The State was despotic and this despotism, though often paternal, maintained the citizen in a narrow tutelage.

It is to be remembered that there have been times when the governmental administration secured the continuance of the national life; it is the bone and sinew of our political association, and in the main this administration is industrious and honest. In it are numbers of men whose devotion to the public good is given without measure, and, amid the agitations of the political world, it is because of these men that all holds together and that all goes forward. But the administration has its defects, its contrarieties, its traditions. It is arbitrary; it is not conciliating; it claims the right at all times to dispose of the individual and at all times to regulate the activities of all its citizens.

Place an official insignia upon a Frenchman, be it only the cap of a rural guard, and he believes himself invested with some of the power of Louis XIV. and of Napoleon. He conceives himself to be within his little sphere their successor.

The corollary of this arbitrary guardianship exercised by the administration upon the nation is a spirit of criticism and of opposition. While the Frenchman obeys, he obeys grumblingly and with a sneer. In our country from the remotest times the revenge of the governed, as well as their consolation, has been to ridicule their governors. For example, the definition of the old régime: "an absolute monarchy tempered by lampoons."

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But when, by the firm establishment of the Republican régime, the authorities were forced to renounce the exercise of this constraint, which had survived from time immemorial, it may well have seemed at times that the country was in process of dissolution; that the spirit of indiscipline and of opposition met with no restraint, and authority time after time was made helpless in whatever hands it was vested. The President of the Republic found himself prevented from exercising the rights with which the Constitution vested him. Ministers and the heads of great departments of public service surrendered with pitiful weakness before legislative majorities, while Parliament gave us the most complete spectacle of anarchy. Majorities were made and unmade without intermission. The old habit of opposition in the Republican party was so strong that when the party reached power many of its members could not be transformed into men of government; they remained members of the opposition and, themselves constituting a part of the majority, they opposed their own leaders; they opposed one another, and of this were born reciprocal mistrust, intrigues, jealousies, betrayals, haphazard conditions, and the crumbling of parties.

The deputy who inspired a Minister with fear bent low in his turn before the electors and the committees of his district. Magistrates weakened in presence of political power and were in fear of the lawyers, many of whom had the advantage of the judges in a safer pecuniary situation or the prestige of political relations or political office.

And lastly juries, whenever called upon to determine a matter in which there was even a shade of politics, preferred to wash their hands of it rather than undertake the responsibility of defending public interests.

An indulgent and universal good-nature seemed to threaten the very life of the country; everything was let alone; everything was passed over; and all these easy ways were but a mask of weakness which dreads any effort and of the selfishness which is absorbed in personal interest.

These acts of indiscipline and anarchy, these revolts against the law, these threats—all of these tentative appeals to individual or collective force have been multiplied within a few years.

The Church and the General Confederation of Labor both entered into open conflict with the law.

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The vine-growers of the south joined in an uprising and a refusal to pay taxes; in the Champagne district we witnessed successive insurgencies against the Government, and when the Aube was pacified the Marne was in revolt. We witnessed a battalion of the line refusing obedience to its officers and against their orders quitting its quarters.

Taine conceives that the Revolution had destroyed co-operative life in France and that the principle of equality was to leave the isolated individual face to face with the enormous and all-powerful State; but in fact it was Napoleon and the monarchies that succeeded him that held the individual in this powerless and isolated condition. As soon as the Republican régime had asserted itself for a while, laws were passed which gave Frenchmen the opportunity for associated effort and this associated effort has begun. In a very few years it has become intense and widespread. Forty years ago there was but one great association within the State and that was the Church. To-day professional unions or syndicates are numerous; they are grouped into federations and a General Confederation of Labor has taken on all the appearance of a proletary State organized to stand against the *bourgeois* State.

The purely socialist spirit of the General Confederation of Labor has given way to a rebellious and revolutionary spirit from which anti-patriotism, anti-militarism, and anarchism have blossomed. The conflict of classes has been transferred from the economic to the political field. Appeal to force has been preached and illegality and violence have been declared lawful. War has been made upon universal suffrage by giving to the will of energetic and active minorities a preponderance over the will of a timid and purblind majority.

Outside of the labor associations, other associations of all kinds have been founded, of which undoubtedly the most original are those syndicates and associations of Government employees which have not hesitated to threaten strikes against the State that employs them and are continually alert in opposition to their superiors and to the Ministers.

We thus see that one of the first and most evident effects of the liberty of association has been a menace against the continuance of political society and a hindrance, if not absolutely an obstacle, to the exercise of authority, as well as the weakening of national unity. These numerous associa-

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tions of every character seem to unite Frenchmen only by dividing France; and in these latter years we have even witnessed a reawakening of the old provincial sectionalism, until it seemed at times that the Frenchmen of Brittany, of Provence, or of Champagne were too conscious of the fact that they were Bretons, Provençals, or denizens of Champagne.

Fortunately all these indications were but mere appearances; France was going through a crisis, but it was the crisis of a necessary transformation—a transformation from the monarchic notion of obedience controlled from without to the democratic notion of freedom under discipline. It was essential that the Frenchman, so long repressed by the force of government, should learn to repress himself and to give the example of voluntary submission to an authority whose function is to labor only for the general good. Reassuring symptoms are already apparent. The social conscience of the nation is in process of liberation; the militant elements of parties are all minorities; the majority of the nation passes from time to time from one party to another, following or deserting them as they promise it or secure to it what it is seeking for. The majority in France is intent upon assuring through a constitutional Republican government liberty and toleration, security and good order. To procure and to guarantee these benefits the majority at present is appealing to a government which really governs. In these latter years all the men who have maintained an energetic hold upon power and have assumed, without flinching, all the responsibilities of authority—all without exception, whatever may have been their doctrines, have been sustained by the greater part of the French nation. The conscience of the country demands to-day, no less energetically, honesty and justice in governmental administration, and a powerful movement of public opinion has been launched against political corruption. This corruption must not be exaggerated; in its lowest and most material form, venality, it is sporadic and accidental, notwithstanding a few scandals which have been noisily exploited. Nor must one be too insistent upon the assumed mediocrity of the political personnel; intelligence and talent are not wanting in our legislative assemblies, and I know of no Parliament which could in these respects excel our Senate and Chamber of Deputies.

But what is most wanting in our political public men now

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is character—the faculty of resisting the temptations of power as well as the solicitations of friends and electors. The form which our political corruption takes is favoritism, comradeship, the coalition of selfishness and greed for the exploitation of power and of influence.

The country is weary and disgusted of this trafficking, and public sentiment is so strong in this regard that it has brought into the Chamber itself a tendency to honest dealing.

If the system of proportional representation which assures to each party a number of representatives in exact accord with the number of votes which the party produces has found so many adherents; if even among the majority which controls the power there has been found an imposing number of deputies and of senators willing to concede that half of the electors plus one should not have all the places at their disposal and willing, therefore, as a consequence to risk the diminution of their dominant party, it is because in the universal acceptation proportional representation symbolizes, whether soundly or unsoundly we cannot say, an ideal of justice and the hope of making an end of electoral intrigues and bargainings. The strength displayed by the union of Government employees and which enables them to stand up against the State and its administration came from the fact that their action gave promise of a check against ministerial autocracy, against favoritism, against the influence of the deputies, and we must admit that their action has had some effect.

We have already seen an administrative tribunal, the members of which were appointed by Government, pass judgment upon and reverse the decisions of Cabinet Ministers; the Council of State has shown itself in these latter years the resolute defender of office-holders against the exaggeration of governmental power; at one stroke, for instance, it restored to active service seventeen naval lieutenants whom a Minister had put on the retired list against their will and against the law; one of these was our great writer, Pierre Loti.

Succeeding the many manifestations of weakness by our courts, we witnessed an unexpected awakening and saw a jury condemn to death the secretary of a union under indictment for having by his incendiary speech led the strikers to the murder of a "scab." This was a sudden revulsion from the extremity of weakness to the extremity

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of harshness and the verdict was not made effective, but it greatly stirred public opinion and is an indication of the disposition of the middle classes who abhor violence and illegality.

In these latter years the *bourgeoisie* seems to be gathering some civic education. For a long period after the French Revolution, from which it secured its power, the *bourgeoisie* appeared to harbor no other purpose than the pursuit of wealth and the exploitation of the State for its individual interests, and in later days it has seemed at times on the verge of dissolution and abdication like the nobility before 1789; some of its members joined the parties of reaction to provide a defense of their property and capital, while others, moved by generous idealism, joined hands with the Social Democracy. To-day we seem to witness the emergence or the restoration of a *bourgeois* class more open and more generous than that of other days, insisting upon its right to govern France because it has the intellectual power, but willing to govern it by justice and for the good of all; defending what it deems its privileges, or even its wealth, only within the limitations in which the life of the nation is involved in the maintenance of property.

On the other hand, the laboring class is also acquiring its education. A good portion of this class is beginning to pass judgment upon the excesses of revolutionary unions and shows the courage to resist them and to repudiate them.

As a result the true and the prosperous unions are those which restrict their activities to the defense of their trade interests and labor, without anarchical violence, for progressive betterment of our institutions. The failure of the post-office and the railway strikes has had a very real and conservative influence upon the General Confederation of Labor, and a large body of the laboring class has measured the consequences of this double defeat—with the result of greatly strengthening the reform movement.

Throughout these crises, it must be acknowledged, we have not the press which we might wish. Intelligence and even talent are superabundant; our newspapers are clear, their matter well arranged, and make agreeable reading. On occasions the French press has been awake to its national duty, but too often it has been a mere agency for political corruption; frequently it has been the instrument of financial interests; and the newspaper has been reduced to an in-

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dustrial enterprise from which the only demand to be made is the production of good dividends by any means available —self-laudation, scandal, or blackmail.

It is too true that a nation has only such a press as it desires; the press flatters the vices of its readers; gives satisfaction to gossip and to malignity or to the taste for gossip and malignity—to all kinds of petty and envious passions which drag all questions down to the level of personalities, and when the press fills its columns with shameful indiscretions in the private lives of well-known citizens it only caters to the morbid curiosity of the public.

And yet unquestionably the duty of the press should be not to reach the public through its lowest and most evil appetites, but rather to endeavor to reflect and interpret the more noble and generous elements of the French character.

Also we have not the literature which we would need for the social good. Probably at no time has talent been more wide-spread, and if at certain periods we have been favored with such genius as we cannot point to at this day—though what the verdict of the future may be in this regard we would not predict—never at any time have we had a greater number of very distinguished men. But these are either artists who imprison themselves in the contemplation of their ideal of beauty, disdaining the crowd, disdaining practical life and the interests of the masses, or the few who have acquired a social conscience and who manifest it only as party men. They represent the doctrines and the hatreds which divide us rather than the feelings and the aspirations in obedience to which all Frenchmen can work in common.

Look, for instance, at the part played in the last two years by two of our great men of letters—Anatole France and Maurice Barrès; the one as the voice of collectivism, the other of nationalism. Our men of letters are totally wanting in the real function of literature, which should be to strengthen the unity of the French conscience.

We are also at this moment passing through a crisis in philosophic thought which may well have sorry consequences for our national power.

For some years past war has been declared upon intellect. Sheltered under the doctrine of the great philosopher Bergson, and under the name of Bergsonism, skillful men, in the interest of their party, have declared a war against

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intellect and on behalf of whatever is traditional, irrational, instinctive, and spontaneous in life. Such a propaganda ignores the fact that the strength of France, its oldest instinct and dearest tradition, have tended to extend the power of intellect in every domain, to bring everything as far as possible to the test of clear and definite notions, and to subject all individual and collective life to a will guided by reason. If this war upon intellect is to continue, it will be a danger for France. Other nations have quite as much, if not more, instinct, spontaneity, passion, and life than we have; what in us has compelled their admiration? What has brought them to us for examples in their search for culture has been the prestige of our clearness, our logic, our intellect. When we shall no longer have these gifts to bestow upon other nations, what will they come hither to seek? However, this assault upon intellect, to whose seduction at one time our youth was yielding, is beginning to lose its vogue.

Another danger, greater than that just pictured, is one which threatens the very existence of the country. I refer to the diminishing birth-rate which we have so long deplored without finding any remedy for it. Sadder still is one of the partial causes for this evil, alcoholism, which has made frightful strides since 1870. This we have already begun to combat, but little progress in the struggle is yet perceptible. Other causes, too, contribute to diminish the birth-rate in France. It would be too long a task to enumerate them here, but they are, in general, social and economic causes which, instead of making it the interest of all to have children, make it the interest of many to suffer the loss of that joy and to repress the natural instincts of paternity or of motherhood.

While recognizing, however, the grave evil, it would be well to inquire whether a large birth-rate is itself the sole criterion of energy. Taking account of the human race or of the animal race, is superiority to be measured solely by fruitfulness? Do power and a civilization belong always and everywhere to the most prolific population?

A continued increase of the birth-rate is a condition of continued existence, and this makes of it an essential element in the greatness of a people, and for this reason we may well deplore its absence among us. But the energy of a people may be measured by other criteria. It should be

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measured in the first place by the power of assimilation, which indeed furnishes a partial compensation for a small birth-rate.

France assimilates and has always assimilated the foreigners who take up their residence among us, whether isolated or in groups, and those of our fellow-citizens who, through a blind and mistaken feeling of patriotism, believe they are protecting what they call the "French race" by closing our country to foreigners show their great imprudence, not to say their folly. How many illustrious men and faithful servants of our country would we strike from the list of Frenchmen if the purity of French blood were exacted as an essential to the quality of Frenchman! We should be forced to surrender from among our glories, among many others, Cardinal de Retz (who was a Gondi), the Marechal and the Duc de Broglie, the Marechal de Berwick, the Marechal de Saxe, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Benjamin Constant, Bonaparte, Madame de Stael, Marechal de McMahon, Gambetta, General Bourbaki, Emile Zola, and the great philosopher Bergson. We should have to exclude the three Dumases—the general, who was half negro; the romancer, who was quarter negro; and the author of the *Demi-Monde,* who was one-eighth negro. Montaigne had probably Jewish-Portuguese blood; Sainte-Beuve had English blood. The Mirabeaux came from Italy, the Ronsards probably from Hungary; we would be poor indeed if we rejected all those of mixed blood.

Indeed, one of the most obvious characteristics of our French energy for fifteen or twenty centuries has been the assimilative power of our country. From the beginning of the Christian era we successively digested many Romans, Franks, Visigoths, Burgundians, Normans, Huns, Saracens, Bretons, Irish, Scotch, Italians, and Poles. There is nothing to indicate that this energy or power has decreased, and far from any indignation that the Meztisos are so numerous in France we should rejoice that they come to us and make up the inadequacy of our own birth-rate. Just as the son of a child of Auvergne may make an excellent son of Lorraine, so the son of a Greek, Hungarian, or a German may make an excellent Frenchman.

Another criterion of energy is the ease with which the Frenchman carries the financial burdens of his country, as, for example, the five milliards of the German indemnity

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which were so promptly paid. We sustain the burden of heavy taxes, which are collected without trouble; we frequently show an abundant surplus, and the national wealth is growing constantly and at great strides, and all this money comes from the savings of the poorer and middle classes; it is money which represents consolidated labor, and it brings to France an enormous strength in its international relations. We may, indeed, regret that it is not used more frequently within our own borders, and one of the causes of our slow progress in making over our economic equipment and of our slow industrial development is that both the French peasant and the French *bourgeois* prefer to send their money out of France, far away into the dreamlands of romance. This is their way of emigrating; this is their method of adventure. But in our international relations this wealth is the source of incomparable strength and it has all the more weight at this day, because within a few years past French finance has been more closely allied with the foreign politics of the country, and the effects are already apparent.

But it is not only money that we have—we have men. The type of the home-loving Frenchman is a familiar one, following his routine, exhibiting no initiative, and who prefers to grow quietly, to vegetate, in his own country rather than make a fortune by exile; or who is even content with a modest income or a small salary and shrinks from labor and the risks of commerce and of industry. This is a real type, but not the only nor the characteristic type of our people. Recall the share that our compatriots have taken in the creation and in the progress of new industries—aviation and the automobile, for instance. Recall the exploits of our explorers and our colonists.

In the last twenty or thirty years a new French type has arisen, or, better, the resurrection of a type which seemed to have disappeared since the day when we lost Canada and the Indies—the type of the colonial Frenchman—energetic, active, enterprising, less a man of the world than a man of action. Our literature is beginning to take account of him and to picture him, to the delight of our youth.

It has been a traditional subject of jest among foreigners, and even among Frenchmen, to mock at our colonists—at our colonies said to be established by governmental fiat and

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to which in default of colonists we exported functionaries or office-holders. It is quite true that the Frenchman is content at home; it is quite true that the Frenchman is readily satisfied with a small salary or a narrow income which permits him to remain among his own in his town or little village; it is also quite true that he values wealth less than security and that the regular salary of some administrative place or the assurance of a small income satisfy his ambitions by securing him the privilege of spending his days in the places and among the people he loves.

But give to this same Frenchman who declines to leave his native home, his friends, or his family in quest of fortune in Africa or in Indo-China some little duty to perform; make him a sub-lieutenant or a subaltern officer, an under-governor or an administrative clerk; give him the hope of a modest retiring pension or of a small tobacco-stand upon which his widow may live, and he will go into any unknown land and risk his health and his life as often as need requires; he will spend himself in the public interest and for the fatherland; he will become Henri Riviere or de Brazza or one of many others of that type. There is no finer human type than this of our French explorers or French soldiers who labor to acquire for France vast territories without the spilling of human blood and without even divorcing the expansion of national territory from the constant effort to better the conditions of life among the populations which are made subject to us.

M. de Brazza conquered the Congo land, we may say, alone, with no escort but two or three natives, without ever firing a shot; he won over the negroes, he subjected them to French authority, because he made them conscious of a France that was powerful and just and capable of defending these unfortunate populations against the savagery of slave-dealers and the cupidity of their petty kinglets.

What does all this signify unless it demonstrates that our energy is an idealistic energy? Money-making is not in general a determining motive for the Frenchman; he will not set out on such a quest; he must be beckoned by the service of the country or by some religious or philosophic idea; by the desire to serve humanity, or perhaps simply by the ambition and the joy of becoming a chief, a commander. The Frenchman who cannot be dragged out of his own coun-

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try by the love of fortune will be more readily drawn to the colonies by the delight of exercising some share of authority. And yet in these latter days the union of commercial activities, with the superior interests of country and humanity, is being better realized by Frenchmen and more than one young man among us is often looking out in the direction of Tunis, of the Congo, of Madagascar, of Indo-China, and much youthful energy is being expended in those far-off lands in agriculture, in industry, and in commerce, with a certainty of enlarging the common patrimony of wealth and of honor.

I cannot close this summary and very incomplete picture of the actual condition of our nation without a word in regard to our relations with Germany—that is, the question of Alsace-Lorraine. The foreigner is often astray in looking for the reasons of the attitude of the French toward Germany; beyond question our defeat of 1870 deeply wounded us in our national pride, in our chauvinism, if you will. But the wound went deeper than that; it touched us in the most sensitive point of our national conscience. For more than one hundred years past one of the sentiments dearest to Frenchmen, one of the ideas to which their reason clung with greatest force, was their faith in the right of nationality, in the principle that varying groups of mankind should be free to dispose of themselves and to adopt whatever political régime they chose and to be a part of such national organization as they preferred. We had put this maxim into practice by coming to the rescue of the English colonies revolting against the motherland, and during the nineteenth century we had repeatedly put it into practice on every occasion by the sympathy and the aid which we gave unstinted to Greece, to Poland, to Ireland, to Hungary, and to Italy.

Pushing our faith and disinterestedness beyond the verge of prudence, we gave no consideration to the danger of helping to establish in Europe a group of great nations that might one day become our menace; more than once, indeed, we showed our sympathy with the desire and the effort of the Germans for a national unity, for a unity which could only be accomplished at our expense. Could we, then, be expected, having so often yielded to this sentiment on behalf of others—could we be expected to smother it when we were ourselves involved? Could we quietly admit that Alsace and

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Lorraine might, without their own will, be constrained to become German?

This explains why the Treaty of Frankfort was submitted to as an unquestioned fact, but never accepted as the genesis of a new and final right.

But, on the other hand, for forty years past France has desired peace; during all that time she has been profoundly pacific. This was, perhaps, due in part to the memory of the defeat, to apprehension of a renewed risk, to a sort of superstitious dread of that great military machine which we call Germany and the operations of which were alive to our imagination as brutally and inexorably irresistible, but it was also largely due to a human dread of the frightful disaster which must be involved in a war with the perfected weapons at the disposal of both peoples, and to the conviction that the victor in that field would itself be ruined for years to come, if not mortally exhausted. This is the explanation of our apparently paradoxical attitude of declining to accept peace as the safest status and of being unwilling to engage in war.

Meanwhile the world is moving. Europe has gradually, with a somewhat slow intelligence, aided, however, by experience, realized the consequence of 1870 which overturned the conditions of European equilibrium.

The Russian alliance furnished us security against a new aggression. The *entente cordiale* has brought us closer to our century-old rival, England. We have regained the friendship of Italy, although Italy is still a member of the Triple Alliance. But while seeking for her security abroad, France remained uneasy and uncertain about herself, and here it was that Germany rendered us a signal service.

She had, indeed, for the last forty years been doing us a good turn by her methods of treating the populations of the annexed territory of Alsace-Lorraine. She kept alive their French sentiment, the realization and the will to be and to remain French in tradition and in culture. She prevented the Alsatians and the Lorraines, incorporated into the German Empire against their will and compelled to accommodate themselves to the new life, from going so far as to fall away from the traditions of French civilization. She has shown a conspicuous inability to assimilate them and has failed to ripen or to gather the full fruit of her political and military conquest.

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But beyond this and beginning in 1906, Germany has done us another great service. She has unconsciously wrought a renewal of our confidence in ourselves. By the alarm of Tangiers (the visit of the Emperor), of Casablanca (in the matter of deserters), of Agadir (the sending of her gunboat), France has forced the entire French nation for the first time to look war in the face—to realize the necessity for a people to accept the risks of war in certain contingencies without tremor and without retreat—to stand firmly upon the right and without fear of the result, to put a limit to concessions when they cease to be honorable.

This is what France has done during the half-year just past. There is in this neither chauvinism, nor blind hatred of the foreigner, nor boasting, nor provocation. France wants no war; she recognizes in the broadest way the rightful interests of other nations, even those of her conqueror, Germany. She accepts as far as she may without endangering her own security and her vast interests the point of view of the Germany which aspired to enhance its own growth and which is searching an outlet for the activity of its subjects. This readiness to put oneself in another's place, to appreciate another's point of view, and to pass judgment with an impartial disinterestedness of its own claims, is one of the marks of the intelligence of our people, as it should be of every people. It was this facility of assimilation of another point of view than her own which impelled France a few years ago to accept so readily and without the least resentment the humiliating abandonment of Fachoda. The mass of our citizens recognized what the interests and the rights of England compelled that country to insist upon. They took cognizance of the particular injuries which the somewhat inconsiderate and vexatious activity of some of our statesmen might occasion.

France was equally ready to take into account the exigencies of German honor and of German interest, but German diplomacy in demanding too much and demanding it in too German a fashion made the whole country alive to the necessity of saying "No," of saying it resolutely, and of refusing to yield anything which could not be yielded with honor.

In general, Germany—diplomats, press, and nation—have no understanding of the psychology of the French people. They explain all our acts by referring them to a fantastic

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idea of our character which they have themselves constructed upon their victory of 1870, and it is by this misunderstanding that they so grievously erred on certain occasions in interpreting or forecasting the conduct of France.

In the latest affair of Morocco, Germany has restored the will-power of France. The uneasiness which many among us might have entertained as to the attitude of the nation under trying circumstances has disappeared; we are now as confident of the moral force of the country as we are of her material strength. This assurance we owe to Germany, and when she rises to a clear comprehension of the extent to which her action has strengthened the soul of the French nation the peace of Europe will be assured for long years to come.

GUSTAVE LANSON.

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WHEN THE PRISONER RETURNS

BY O. F. LEWIS

As profound a problem in the treatment of the criminal as there is before the people of the United States to-day is the case of the discharged or the released prisoner. Formerly the prisoner served his term with commutation for "good time"—that is, he received a definite sentence. By exemplary conduct or industry he cut from his time in prison sometimes a third, perhaps more. Discharged from the prison, he faced the world with a new suit of clothes, a small sum of money, and his railroad ticket back to the place from which he had been sent to prison. The prison authorities no longer had anything "on him." He had paid his debt. The world had punished him for his crime. The slate was clean.

What was he to do? Who cared save the pals and the gang that awaited his return to the Kingdom of Crookedness? Who would take this social leper to work? Who would be strong enough, among these social lepers, to play the part of Jean Valjean in real American life? What was the inevitable line of least resistance? The State had sent him away to punish him, and God knows he frequently received his punishment. Within the memory of men still young who have done time in State prisons in Eastern States inmates have pushed their fingers into molten metal to incapacitate them from the inhuman strain of contract labor under the "old" conditions or have thrown themselves out of factory windows upon the flagging beneath, that broken arms or legs might send them for a respite to the prison hospital. Those were evil days.

One can say to-day that in many States those evil days have passed. This is not the place to canvass American prisons for prison abuses, for the water cure, the lash, the

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manacling up of the prisoner to his cell door in impossible postures. That such punishments still sporadically exist is testified to by prisoners, and legislative committees still bring such instances to light. But in an increasing number of prisons the wardens are progressive, thoughtful, big-hearted men, and the day of corporal punishment is passing.

The question to-day has shifted from prison abuses to prison labor; from prison madness to prison sickness or health; from prison punishment to prison reformation; from the penal servitude problem to the economic problem on the one hand of the maintenance of prisons at the least cost to the State, and on the other to the rehabilitation of the prisoner as an industrially productive member of society.

The problem of the released prisoner is not a small problem nor one that will take care of itself. It is the question whether each year somewhere from fifty to five hundred thousand persons, each one of whom has stared prison bars in the face, will go "right" or go "wrong."

This country has recently been swept by a wave of anti-tuberculosis sentiment. We have read that some 200,000 persons die yearly from the great white plague. It is a national problem. But if tuberculosis insidiously steals through the social body, infecting neighbors and striking down victims, should we not also be nationally concerned as to the army of thousands upon thousands of those convicted of crime, or tried for crime, who pour back into the social body—to go "right" or to go "wrong"?

There is a first stage in tuberculosis during which the victim is still curable and during which the disease alters but little the external appearance of the sufferer. So with the road to crime. The jail, the workhouse, the village lock-up, even the penitentiary are often pest-holes in the breeding of crime that can compare remarkably with the slums, the filthy back yards, the cheap lodging-houses, and other centers of tuberculosis infection.

The argument as to the seriousness of our crime problem does not need to go to an allied disease for a strengthening analogy. Take the number of discharges from institutions of a penal nature reported by the New York Commission of Prisons for the twelve months ending September 30, 1910:

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Institution.	Discharges.
Prisons	2,137
Reformatories (male)	1,804
Penitentiaries	11,837
County Jails	35,610
New York City Institutions	100,447
Total Discharges	151,835

There is probably considerable overlapping here. But let us assume one overlapping in every three discharges. We still have over 100,000 discharges from behind the bars. Ask yourself how slight or how indelible would be to you the sensation of even one night's imprisonment and you have the answer to the statement often made: "Well, the great bulk of incarcerations are but for a day or two and the man is out again, so what does it matter?"

If there are 100,000 discharges from correctional institutions each year in New York State, how many are there throughout the country? Five hundred thousand? Perhaps a million? Does one person in eighty or ninety of our population get behind the bars once a year? Is not the question of the released prisoner, then, one of moment?

We search for the causes of poverty and crime in wretched living conditions, in child labor, in the wrong kind of education, in orphanhood, in unsupervised street life. But what shall we say of the hundreds of thousands of discharges from jails and workhouses each year as crime-producers? Were the jails and the workhouses of our land our finest structures, best managed and best appointed, serving as reformatories for the short-sentenced man or woman, they might be real reform schools. But startling indictments are still brought against the average jail.

"Most jails are so constructed that it is impossible to prevent the association of their inmates. Jail friendships have made many a novice a lifelong criminal. . . . One of the most serious defects is the lack of proper ventilation. A large proportion of the jail inmates are diseased. In some jails there are no facilities for bathing. The ordinary jail can be kept in sanitary condition only by unremitting vigilance. Overcrowding necessitates the placing of two or more prisoners in a cell, which is injurious to health as well as to morals. The monotony of jail life is very injurious. Many jails have no libraries or collections of small value. In many States, in the rural counties, criminal terms are infrequent, and men lie in jail for months awaiting trial. Sometimes they are acquitted and have no remedy for the wrong done them. The num-

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ber of jail inmates is increased by the fee system (so much per prisoner), especially in the rural counties." *

In short, by far the greatest number of men committed to correctional institutions in the United States are committed for comparatively short terms to poorly kept institutions, with no reformatory influences, where idleness largely prevails, where the novice in crime can be taught debauchery not only for the asking, but often in spite of himself. And this kind of institution—in point of numbers the real type of American correctional institution—we endure in probably every State of the Union and, it can be frankly said, we are indifferent to it in spite of its being universally considered by penologists as a school of crime.

Reference to the special census report of 1904 on the population of penal institutions in the United States shows that of 149,691 prisoners committed to penal institutions during 1904 practically seven out of ten were committed to country jails and workhouses. We also find that the most frequent commitments were for drunkenness (23 per cent.), vagrancy (19 per cent.), larceny (16 per cent.), and disorderly conduct (11.5 per cent.). The offenses of drunkenness, vagrancy, and disorderly conduct are perhaps the least among many crimes, yet, in a word, we imprison under the worst conditions the great bulk of our prison population.

Would any one to-day say, if all our penal institutions were wiped out at a sweep of the hand, that the small prison should be the last to take on reformatory or sanitary attributes? The gospel of the prevention of poverty pervades the land, yet jails endure, numbering eighty-eight per cent. of our penal institutions, while reformatories number only one per cent. of our penal institutions.

This country can prosper only in proportion as our national life is sane, sound, and secure. To-day the precept still is: "Stay out of prison if you value your life."

Let us turn now to the question of the return of the convict —the major prisoner, so to speak; he who has sinned grievously against society's laws. What chance has he to "square it," to make good in life? This brings us to the questions of the indeterminate sentence and parole—two modern features of prison discipline that have revolutionized American penology. Neither the indeterminate

* Charles R. Henderson, in *Correction and Prevention;* New York, Russell Sage Foundation, 1910.

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sentence nor parole is effective without the other. Complementing each other, they bid fair to go far toward the solution of the problem of the felon who returns from prison.

The indeterminate sentence—let it be said at once—is not absolutely indeterminate in any State of the Union. It is a sentence to prison within limits. For instance, the judge sentences to Elmira Reformatory without stating the length of sentence. But a State law provides that while no minimum shall be set (that matter being left to the decision of the board of managers of the reformatory), the maximum term during which a prisoner may be confined at Elmira is the period equal to that which would have been the maximum for the crime committed had the judge pronounced a definite sentence. By a merit system automatically checking up the prisoner's work in the shops, his conduct in general, and his scholarship in the schools, he is relatively master of his fate.

A second form of the indeterminate sentence is applied in the sentencing of men to the New York State prisons, an indeterminate sentence with maximum and minimum—not less than two years and six months, for instance, and not more than four years. At the expiration of the minimum sentence the prisoner thus sentenced is eligible for parole, the decision as to his release upon parole resting generally with a board of parole or with the board of managers of the institution.

The indeterminate sentence, putting the burden of proof of eligibility for parole upon the prisoner, acts as a stimulus to the man eager to be again on the outside, while, ironically enough, it chafes and irritates the old-timer, who, in the course of repeated prison terms, has thrown upon the prison régime and regulations much of the burden of thinking for him and directing him. To the prisoner who formerly, under the definite sentence, knew that his only hope of a shortened sentence was through good time, the indeterminate sentence is an additional spur in that the expiration of the minimum is generally sooner than the expiration of the definite sentence less the good-time commutation. From the administration standpoint, which should represent the standpoint of society which maintains these penal institutions, the indeterminate sentence has the further important value of placing the released prisoner under the supervision of

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official parole agents during a considerable period after the provisional release.

What have been the results, first as to the indeterminate sentence within the walls, and secondly as to the after-lives of the released prisoners without the walls? Amos W. Butler, recently president of the American Prison Association and also secretary of the State Board of Charities and Correction of Indiana, has written thus:

"The following States now have reformatories operating under the indeterminate sentence and parole system: Colorado, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Washington, and Wisconsin. In some States the indeterminate sentence also applies to the State prison. This is true in Indiana, Iowa, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Hampshire, New Mexico, and Washington.

"Prisoners are committed to prison under either definite or indeterminate sentences in Arizona, Connecticut, Illinois, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, New York, North Dakota, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Vermont, West Virginia, and Wyoming.

"Another result is to be observed in the deterrent effect of the indeterminate sentence. While the first offender may be released at the end of the minimum sentence, the average time of imprisonment is lengthened. The law has resulted in extending the time of imprisonment of confirmed criminals. Those who formerly compromised with the officials by pleading guilty to a minor offense and received a short sentence are now given the indeterminate sentence, and if their full history were known the probability is that they would serve the entire maximum sentence prescribed by law for the offense of which they were convicted. We find that when such persons are released from prison they do not want a railroad ticket to the place from which they were sentenced; they want transportation to some place without the State, and generally leave expressing strong feelings against the law and avowing their intention of not being caught again in a State which has such a system."

The tendency is to extend the indeterminate sentence in States where it already has a footing. Shall it be applied to life prisoners, as by recent act of the New York Legislature, making them eligible for parole at the expiration of twenty years from the day of sentence? Shall it apply to those whose sentences have been commuted by executive clemency from death to "life"? Will the time come when even the capital crimes will be followed by an indeterminate sentence? If there is no minimum sentence imposed, as in the case of Elmira Reformatory, should there logically be any maximum imposed?

Joseph F. Scott, formerly superintendent of Elmira Reformatory and a leading prison administrator, said at the

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State Conference of Charities and Correction in New York in 1908:

"The maximum limit should be removed from the indeterminate sentence, to have it thoroughly effective. An inmate should not be released from prison unless he has shown evidences of reformation through his own efforts. It is as senseless to release a man from prison who shows no evidences of reformation as it is to release a lunatic from a lunatic asylum who has shown no improvement. . . . I now plead for the abolition of the maximum period for State-prison sentences, allowing the magistrates simply to determine the minimum sentences, the sentence to be entirely indefinite beyond the minimum time so fixed. With all sentences to reformatory institutions indefinite, and all sentences to State prisons indefinite beyond a minimum period, no prisoner would be released without the safeguards of parole."

Moral degenerates the indeterminate sentence should permit a board of parole to retain permanently within prison walls or until liberation again seems safe for society. Note that by present laws the indeterminate sentence holds no prisoner longer than the term of the definite maximum sentence that might be imposed upon him.

Let us turn now to the parole period, that period of conditional freedom when theoretically the paroled man is supervised by parole agents in the interest of the State. Here we face the great question: "After prison, what?" Let us first ask what facts are available as to the reformation and rehabilitation of ex-prisoners.

First, we are justified in assuming that the bulk of released prisoners want to "square it." Cynical on the surface, perhaps, while in prison, they nevertheless come to see that for the confirmed crook there is in the end nothing in it.

Is employment as hard to find as it used to be? Not by any means, at least in New York State, for the man from behind the bars. In fact, by the terms of the parole law each man paroled from Elmira Reformatory and from any of the State prisons must have work already assured him before his release, obtained through his own letters or through the exertions of his friends. The difficulty that the Prison Association of New York finds is not the initial search for employment for the ex-convict, but the difficulty of holding the ex-prisoner to his "job" and of securing him further employment when, as he so often does, he gives up his first job.

Many of the paroled men are child-like, if not childish.

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They want you to do their thinking for them. Their minds run off on tangents. They see mountains where mole-hills exist, yet fail to discern the real mountains when their inclinations lead them to self-gratification.

Such, then, in the main, is the problem of the discharged prisoner. He wants to square it; he says he would work if he had it; he has relatively little difficulty in getting it; society, as a rule, is not against him to the extent of cutting off every source of legitimate income. Fairly few persons will take him into their houses as employee, but he finds employment in factories, with contractors, as driver or helper or porter, sometimes as farm-hand. He needs a persistent, sympathetic, but firm friend, and he needs to be supervised, held to the mark of good conduct through months and often through years, or he will revert to crime.

You and I for two reasons want the ex-convict to make good. Never was the realization of universal brotherhood so strong as now. We want the man on parole to make good because we feel that he has been to a larger or smaller extent the victim of circumstances—a man who didn't have a fair chance to grow up. We do not take great stock in innate depravity, in moral turpitude as the causes of crime. We see the slums, and child labor, and the orphan asylum, and the street life of city urchins, and we subconsciously question what we would have become, perhaps, under like conditions. We know that environment has prevented many a man now a criminal from starting right.

Secondly, we want the ex-convict to make good because it costs much if he doesn't. Every man imprisoned in State prison costs probably over a hundred dollars a year for maintenance. In New York State the State-prison maintenance cost per capita is annually in the neighborhood of $140. Prison labor may wipe out a third of that cost, and in States where the contractor comes in to bid for the labor of the men the State may even clear all expenses for each inmate by each inmate's work. Or, as in Minnesota, the State may control the binder-twine industry and make the prison self-supporting.

But the criminal on the outside is all cost. The State prison ex-convict who does not reform is a dangerous element in society. The State can well afford, then, to invest a reasonable sum in post-prison reformation for its own sake. What are now the percentages of reformation?

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To quote Mr. Butler again. In the twelve and one-half years ending September 30, 1909, 4,893 men were paroled from the Indiana Reformatory and the Indiana State prison. Between April 1, 1900, and November 30, 1909, 160 women were paroled from the Indiana women's prison. All of these were released upon conditions which impose honest, law-abiding lives for a period of at least one year each. During the term of their parole they were visited from time to time by the State's agents and they were required to make regular written reports. The following tabulation contains the record of each of the three institutions named:

	Reformatory.	State Prison.	Woman's Prison.	Total.
Received final discharge	1,576	1,025	79	2,680
Sentence expired during parole period	272	125	22	419
Returned for violation of parole	422	299	25	746
Delinquent and at large	432	126	22	580
Died	58	32	3	93
Reporting	339	187	9	535
Total paroled	3,099	1,794	160	5,053
Percentage of unsatisfactory cases	27.5	23.6	29.3	26.2

On the average, one out of every four paroled prisoners reverts to crime within the year. Three out of four "stay straight," which, with so many odds against the released man, is surely a good record. But these records of "reformations" are for the period of parole, which in New York is six months, in Indiana one year, in Massachusetts for the period between the time of release on parole and the maximum sentence. What constitutes reformation? Good behavior while on parole or permanent lawful conduct?

The Prison Association of New York has during the last year made a specially careful analysis of the after-lives of some five hundred men released on parole from Elmira Reformatory during the year 1904 to the Prison Association as parole agent. These men have been out now over seven years. It was of the utmost interest and importance that these men should be tested by the standard of "reformation"—*i. e.*, keeping out of prison after release. For the test of the prison or the reformatory is, after all, what it makes of its inmates.

The research, conducted with special carefulness, showed that of four hundred and fifty men paroled in 1904 at least forty per cent. by 1910 had again found their way behind

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the bars. In addition to the forty-odd per cent. thus definitely traced a considerable percentage were untraceable. The presumption is that these "unknowns" found their way into prison again in at least the same percentage as the "knowns." So that pretty nearly one out of two of the 1904 group was not reformed by the reformatory, and continued, at least eventually, upon his criminal career.

Does this mean that the State is making a failure of its reformatory? Not so. It means principally that the reformatory, having developed up-to-date methods of training for citizenship the inmates within the walls, has not as yet developed the necessary supervision without the walls. If with quite inadequate supervision through a few scattered parole agents only one out of four ex-convicts slips back, what might be done with a complete system of friendly, well-organized supervision extending not over a period of six months or nine months or a year solely, but to the end of the maximum sentence of the man on parole? Indeed, the figures of the careful investigation above quoted are hopeful. They show what has already been done under partial supervision. They show conclusively that even in the case of the more serious crimes there is little in the pessimistic and traditional adage, "Once a thief, always a thief."

What, then, seem to be the natural lines of development for the future?

First, a fight all along the line against the continuance of demoralizing, unhealthy, idleness-breeding jails and penitentiaries. The abolition of the type of jail that our best prison administrators call schools of crime. The continued presence of these jails throughout the United States is due in part to the nature of the officials in command; in part also to the indifference generally felt by a county or a political division of a State as to the introduction of industrial plants, costly new buildings, reformatory methods, and individual care of the prisoners. Sheriffs and jailers, unversed in penology and appointed only too often for political reasons, regard the care of the prisoner as finished when they prevent his escape and keep him alive. There are many exceptions to the rule, but the general truth of the proposition holds.

Therefore, the public opinion of each community must be aroused to the necessity of humane, redemptive treatment for first and minor offenders. There should be not

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only separation of men and women in jail quarters, but also of adults and minors. There should be employment, and decent food, and sanitary cells, and speedy justice for those awaiting trial. These are not impossible demands; their absence makes many a jail little better than a pest-hole. In the field of correctional institutions the American jail is the white man's burden. Has not the time come when the house should be put in order?

So much for the institution that stands at the beginning of the crime ladder. Secondly now, how can we reduce the percentage of recidivism in crime? How can this country produce a permanent seventy-five per cent. of reformations and rehabilitations instead of the present fifty per cent. or so? Not by radical changes in our present reformatory or prison systems except in the direction of greater individualization of treatment. Rather by the extension of the indeterminate sentence along practical lines, and especially by the extension of the supervision of paroled prisoners.

It would seem that the necessary extension of the reformation and rehabilitation of the prisoner would include a State-wide system of parole in each State. At present there are, perhaps, thirty prisoners' aid societies in the United States. Despite the fact that such relief societies for discharged prisoners were early established in Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and New York, other forms of charitable effort have forged ahead and at present there are two hundred or more charity organization societies in this country to a score of prisoners' aid associations. Nor do all of these associations for discharged prisoners act as parole agents. State after State reports that it does little or nothing in parole supervision of prisoners. Yet the test of any institution is its results, and by the fruits of our prisons shall we know their usefulness as reformatories.

Let us, then, for the future contemplate State-wide systems of parole supervision, with centralized direction, either a State-supported department or under the direction of a private society. Logically, the parole work should, perhaps, be under the direction of the board of parole, assuming that the board of parole is a body appointed by the Governor, with long tenure of office, and appointed independent of political pressure. Such a system of parole agents, stationed throughout the State and covering rural districts as well as the cities, should be composed of carefully picked

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men knowing the complex psychology of their wards and filled with optimism as well as vested with authority.

Each man on parole — which should include all men paroled from State prisons and reformatories and probably all those who have received indeterminate sentences with maximums of over six months—should be seen at work and at home at least once a month. Not only should the paroled man be required to render a written report monthly to the board that paroled him, but there should be also a report in detail each month from the parole officer that has him under supervision. It would seem that at least one parole officer is needed for each seventy-five men on parole. In the smaller cities and in the rural districts it will be possible to use frequently for parole purposes the probation officers already appointed to supervise those upon whom suspended sentence has been pronounced, but who have been allowed to go in conditional freedom during an extended period of probation.

Paroled men will need help of various sorts: financial assistance, employment, clothing, shoes, tools, and so forth. In the future the means of most effectively providing this help must be worked out. In New York the State chartered the Prison Association nearly seventy years ago for this purpose, and perhaps in that State the Prison Association would logically be the body to develop the parole work and the needed relief extension. In other States local conditions must be considered, but certain it is that the policy of adequate yet reasonable aid and assistance to the discharged prisoner is not only humane, but also in the highest degree economical.

In a large State it will probably be necessary to have several offices in different parts of the State, partly for the purpose of developing opportunities of employment. The paroled man should never long fail of a chance to work in case he is not an intentional idler. That " Satan finds work for idle hands to do " certainly applies in the case of paroled men. In addition, the interest of the community should be stimulated in the lot of the ex-prisoner. What can be done? Recently a quiet, inconspicuous club has grown up in New York City. It calls itself the Barrows League. Its membership includes business and professional men and social workers. The League numbers now about fifty men and meets monthly; it is the big-brother move-

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ment adapted to adult ex-prisoners. Many of its members have already given employment to men from "up river" and from Elmira. Other members have given of their time to find employment for the friendless men who have "done time." Others of the club, lawyers by profession, have interested themselves in the legal difficulties of some of the ex-prisoners, notably in recovering money or property that was due them.

Along these lines, then, it would seem that we may profitably develop our prison system. The population of the United States is increasing rapidly. The twentieth century is becoming certainly a century of urban civilization. City life is a stimulator of crime. Immigration adds to the crime problem, and the law creates each year new misdemeanors and felonies. Our correctional institutions need additions. New prisons cost two or three million dollars each. Legislatures are the watch-dogs of the State treasury, and new prisons do not grow on every bush. Nor are prisons the only disciplinary institutions we need. We hope for farm colonies for vagrants and tramps, farm colonies for the inebriate, reformatories for misdemeanants as well as felons. The juvenile reformatories, transformed along the cottage plan, become far more costly. And for health and hygiene, for the insane and the defectives, urgent annual pleas for appropriations are made.

Why not, then, seek the most economical means of checking or reducing the amount of recidivism or repetition of crime? Whether a prisoner is serving his first or his second term, he occupies room and consumes food.

Any prison system must justify itself. In the olden days, when imprisonment was retributive, if the prison punished sufficiently it justified itself. Now in this century when again the question is asked, "Art thou thy brother's keeper?" that system of penology that will endure must answer three questions: First, "What are you doing to keep persons from becoming criminals?" Second, "What are you doing to reform and rehabilitate your criminals in prison?" Third, "What are you doing to prevent them from reverting to crime when they are released from prison?"

How do we of the year 1912 measure up to these questions?

O. F. Lewis.

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ARE THE JEWS AN INFERIOR RACE?

BY NAHUM WOLF

RECENT anti-Jewish publications abroad are zealously disseminating the idea that the Jews are an inferior race. Based on anthropology and biased by personal psychology, anti-Semitic literature advances the theory that the Jewish race is divested of the higher forms of genius and is to be regarded as an uncreative, imitative, practical, and utilitarian body. Mental inferiority and spiritual impotency circulate accordingly in the very blood of the Jew.

It was in Germany where this theory first sprung into existence, and her illustrious men like Fichte, Schopenhauer, Dühring, Wagner, and von Hartmann were the fathers of it. Whatever opinions one may hold of the general teachings of these geniuses, it is certain that those concerning Jewry were largely engendered by prejudices and as such are problematical and uncreditable. Genius is no warrant against prejudice and a great mind no bar against false presumptions. The wings of an eagle may carry him into the farthermost ideal regions, but they may also level him to the ground.

Particularly is it so with a prejudice that ranges so wide and far, that knows not the barriers of sea and mountain, human tongue and color, caste and creed, as anti-Semitism unfortunately is. Once born into a society permeated with anti-Jewish ideas, the would-be genius imbues them from his very childhood and remains thereafter slave to anti-Semitism just as the ordinary man. Moreover, the great man, who is bent to carry everything to its extreme, furthers national prejudices to their utmost as well. While with the plain mortals anti-Jewish ideas can be put together in a few syllables, the genius erects out of them a whole philosophical structure—a theory as cardinal and extreme as might be any theory of his on the riddle of the universe.

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Such was the case in Germany and other European countries. The average German ascribed whatever qualities he found in the Jew—bad or good, if any—to a certain *superiority* of his. The Jew is banker and gambler in stocks, because his commercial abilities eclipse those of his Christian neighbor. He is amassing wealth and fortune by all means, honest and dishonest, because his brains are saturated with schemes. He is doctor, lawyer, and not hard-working artisan, because to him life itself is identical with a higher station in life and because he is endowed with the nerve to fight and conquer adverse circumstances.

The German philosophers construed a theory diametrically opposed to this. To them it is the inferiority and not the superiority that is accountable for all the qualities of the Jew. He is speculating in stocks, because he is unable to speculate in metaphysics. He is practising law, because he is practical. He is usurer, because he has use for nothing besides money. He is engaged in medicine, because his vision does not penetrate farther than the earthly body, human soul being for him a book under seal and cover. In short, the Jew is a pygmy, bound to the earth, shackled from cradle to grave by all that is concrete and limited.

It was this theory that lent the anti-Semitic movement in Europe all its vitality and gave birth to a literature as copious and profuse as any. Hundreds of writings have since come to light voicing the same sentiment—some repeating in parrot manner all that had been said by the great men, some indulging in attempts at further original thinking. Curiously enough, these theories are beginning to gain a foothold among the Anglo-Saxon nations hitherto regarded as the least susceptible to anti-Jewish teachings. They are even encroaching now upon the shores of America—the land whose very air seems to offer the least nourishment for all those microbes called chauvinism, anti-Semitism, and so forth.

A writer in the February issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW says: "*The Jews have survived one empire after another of their oppressors, but have never had an empire of their own. If success has attended their efforts with all their immiscibility, a character so unattractive, even repellent, their shortcomings even in righteousness and their insignificance in everything else, without poetry, without science, without art, and without character, what shall be*

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*the result with the Chinese?''** and so forth, and so forth. We leave it to the esteemed author to hold the character of the Jew in such poor estimation. This is a matter wholly concerning him. Character is, after all, a subjective thing and any attempt to bring it out by objective means, to precisely measure and weigh its value, must prove futile. What attracts one in a given character repels another and *vice versa*. The point to be contended is whether the Jews are a nation with "shortcomings in righteousness, without poetry, without science, and without art."

Considering righteousness, it has been proven by many European students of note that the trend toward criminality is much less represented by the Jewish race than by most of the European nations. While the proportion of crimes committed by Jews against property is in many countries exceeding that of their Christian neighbors, the proportion of those committed against life is tremendously smaller. The hand of the Jewish criminal draws back into inactivity as soon as bloodshed comes into question. Again, the greater proportion of crimes against property finds its sufficient reason in the peculiar socio-economic structure of the Jews. They being a townspeople through historical force and having their economic activity principally absorbed in commerce—a commensurate excess in malefactions against property is quite natural. Bankruptcy and similar cases should especially be considered in this conjunction.

But to turn to the world of mental creation. To take the Bible first. The Five Books of the Old Testament, the Book of Ecclesiastes, of Job, of the Proverbs, Solomon's Song, the Psalms, and in particular the Prophets—are they not the most wonderful, unsurpassable productions of genius? How many books like these is mankind in a position to refer to? Exclude the Bible from circulation and humanity will lose much of its poetry. A great lamp, diffusing voluminous light into our dark nooks, will then be extinguished. It is indubitable that the omnipotent and omnipresent influence of the Bible is not chiefly due to its religious sanctity. It is quite as resultant from its genial visions, wit and philosophy, from its deep-sourced inspiration and enchanting style.

Or we delve into another production of the Hebrew spirit —into the so-called Agada, legends dotted here and there

* "Jew and Chinaman," by William Trant.

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in the Talmud and Midrash. Are they not the most poetical creations, teeming with fantasy and wit?

And the Talmud itself, that gigantic scholastic work which elaborated Jewish ethics, is surely a monument to the deep-reaching, analytical mind of the Jew. Many of the Tenaim and Amoraim, the authors of the Talmud, were unquestionably geniuses of the highest caliber.

Taking refuge among the Jewish geniuses of modern times, we encounter the names of Baruch Spinoza, David Ricardo, Karl Marx, Lassalle, Heinrich Heine; Mendelssohn, Bartholdy, and Rubinstein in music; Disraeli; Antokolsky in sculpture; the youthful philosopher Otto Weininger, whose book, *Geschlecht und Charakter,* made a tremendous stir in European philosophical circles; our contemporary philosophers, Henri Bergson in France and Hermann Cohn in Germany; and last but not least Joseph Israels, the greatest painter modern Holland has produced.

We have counted thirteen geniuses of the very highest mark. All of them indicate epochs in this or the other sphere of human culture. All of them are as immortal as is humanity itself. Were we to venture, we could prolong that phalanx of Jewish geniuses by adding many talents of high order, who are still tapping at the door of everlasting fame. But we wish to be as strict and unlavish in bestowing the crown of genius as possible.

Surely the above-named thirteen geniuses suffice to demonstrate the presence of higher genius in the Jewish race—a people numbering only eleven million. One poet like Heinrich Heine—one of the greatest lyrists the world has ever known—or one Karl Marx, whose name is indelibly written in the annals of mankind and is in Europe the nearest known name to those of Moses, Jesus, Mahomet, and Luther—would do to repudiate the statement of Jewish insignificance. So will also the hundreds of highly gifted Jews who are swarming in the literature, art, and science of practically every country and among whom are to be found such universally known names as those of Georg Brandes, Lombroso, Max Nordau, Russia's greatest painter Levitan and Germany's foremost living painter Max Lieberman, Sara Bernhardt, Professor Ehrlich, and many others!

In the face of all these shining lights the argument that the Jews are an inferior race bursts like a soap-bubble!

NAHUM WOLF.

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ASPECTS OF PUBLIC OWNERSHIP

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

V

In the preceding articles of this series I have endeavored to set forth both the practical and the theoretical arguments for and against Public Ownership with entire impartiality; and I have written in vain if I have not at least succeeded in making clear the enormous complexities of the subject and the difficulty, if not indeed the impossibility, of approaching it fairly and comprehensively from any absolute standpoint. No social or political problem of our times so little lends itself to elucidation by reference to rigid and preconceived formulæ; none is so readily beclouded by the use of arguments and illustrations that are valid only in isolated and highly specialized conditions; in none is the common habit of drawing general inferences from particular instances so beset with pitfalls and so sure to lead an inquirer astray. We have seen in these articles that the better way is not to indulge in large abstractions, still less in loose analogies, however plausible, but to insist on each specific question of Public Ownership being discussed on its merits as, above all things, a local question—a question, that is to say, dependent for its proper solution in any given case upon the nature of the utility under consideration and upon the character, administrative training and aptitudes, social and political environment, and so on, of the community concerned in solving it. Another and not less fundamental point it has been sought to establish is that to define the main issue as one of Public Ownership *versus* Private Ownership is to proceed upon a very partial and incomplete analysis, and that the real alternative is between Public Ownership and an attainably better system of Private Ownership than now as a rule obtains—a system preserving the advantages of private enterprise and at the same time

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safeguarding every public interest. How such a system has already been evolved in a few communities, and might be evolved in all, was explained in some detail in the second article. Again, I have tried to do full justice to the strength of the case for Public Ownership, particularly on its social side, admitting that its benefits cannot and should not be assessed by any purely financial test, while disputing the contention that municipalities are better qualified to make a business success of their undertakings than are corporations. In the last article an attempt was made to lay down a rough-and-ready dividing-line between those enterprises that should be in public hands and those that should not; and at the same time it was shown to be extremely doubtful whether British municipalities as a whole are not actually losing money instead of making it on their municipal undertakings. "Meanwhile," it was added, "what appears to be certain from a study of British experiences is that municipal enterprise always leads to an immediate increase of taxation; that its other financial results, whether good or ill, are at present so indefinite as to be almost negligible; and that the many and varied abuses of a political and economic character which it entails cannot, therefore, be condoned on the plea of its commercial success." In the present article I propose to consider in greater detail and by reference to the circumstances of a single utility, wherein these "many and varied abuses of a political and economic character" consist and what allowance should be made for them in attempting to strike a balance between the advantages and disadvantages of Public Ownership.

On the opening day of the present year the British Government took over the entire telephone business of the United Kingdom, which becomes henceforth a monopoly owned and operated by the State. So striking an expansion of governmental functions suggests the possibility of treating the telephone industry as a test case of the virtues or otherwise of Public Ownership, the more so as, speaking broadly, it is owned and worked by the State throughout Europe and left to private enterprise in the United States. A comparison between the results obtained under the European and under the American systems in developing and placing at the public service an invention which in the last thirty years has established itself as an indispensable convenience in commercial and social life ought, therefore, to

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throw some light on our inquiry. In the United States there has been from the first practically free trade and unrestricted competition in telephones. But, as with railroads, the economic impulse toward consolidation has asserted itself, enormously to the public advantage, in time to avert chaos, and there is to-day a general recognition of the fact that the multiplication of rival telephone exchanges, operated by competing companies, fighting for an exclusive business, and denying to one another any co-operation of facilities, is from every point of view an extravagant and exasperating blunder. It has been greatly to the benefit of the American public that one strong company should gradually have swallowed up its smaller competitors and that the telephone system of the country should to-day be well on the way to becoming co-extensive with the Union, interdependent and intercommunicating, and directed either by a single company or by an association of companies working in harmony under a single centralized administration. The existence of so vast and powerful and irresponsible a monopoly, controlling a utility of immense public importance, necessarily raises some anxious problems as to its relations with the State and as to the means of regulating its activities in the interests of the consumers. These problems were dealt with in the second article of this series, and in a further article that appeared in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for May, 1911, under the heading "The Politics of American Business," and more specifically still and with far greater authority in the remarkable report issued last year to his stockholders by Mr. Theodore N. Vail, the president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. They need not, therefore, be discussed again, though they ought never to be lost sight of. For the present I am more concerned to point to two suggestive facts. The first is that every step in the progressive unification of the telephone industry has made for the convenience of the American people. The second is that the country which has done most to improve the telephone, both technically and commercially, and to popularize its use, is the country in which its management and development have been, and are still, exclusively the work of private enterprise.

The history of the telephone in Europe has run on very different lines. Regarded at first as an offshoot of the telegraph, it was naturally offered for sale, first of all, to the

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European holders of the telegraph monopolies—that is to say, to the post-offices and governments of the various countries. The governments, partly because they looked upon the new invention as an interesting toy and nothing more and partly because they were rightly reluctant to invest public money in a new, untried, and highly speculative venture, one and all declined to take it up on their own account. At the same time they were willing to issue licenses to companies formed to exploit Graham Bell's invention, and they took the precaution, in case the telephone should prove, after all, a commercial success and a serious competitor of the State telegraph systems, to issue these licenses for restricted periods and to surround them with onerous conditions When time has shown telephonic communication to be both practicable and popular, the companies were bought out or otherwise absorbed by the State and in most of the leading European countries the telephone became, and has since remained, like the telegraph, an official monopoly. The general course of events may be illustrated more succinctly by reference to the vicissitudes of the telephone in Great Britain. The companies that first introduced the invention into England in the late seventies did so without statutory authority. No sooner had they begun to operate than suit was successfully brought against them for infringing the Postmaster-General's legal monopoly of telegraphy. When the companies agreed not to appeal against the decision, the post-office, on its part, agreed to license them for the prosecution of their business for thirty-one years on condition that they paid into the post-office a royalty of ten per cent. on their gross receipts. At first the licenses were granted only for small areas; later on, under public pressure, for the whole of the United Kingdom; later still, no licenses were granted except to municipalities; and finally the post-office went into the business itself, took over the trunk lines, and started a competitive service of its own in London. From the first the attitude of officialdom toward the companies was one of jealousy and its policy one of obstruction. It did not actually suppress them or revoke their charters, but it impeded their development at every turn and then used their inefficiency and unprogressiveness as an argument for Public Ownership. No company, for instance, was ever granted statutory powers to run its wires; they were dependent absolutely on such way leaves as they could secure

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by permission of private householders and by agreement with the local authorities; and every bill promoted in Parliament to relieve them of this disability was rejected by bureaucratic influence.

The installation of a modern underground system of telephone distribution was thus practically denied to the companies and reserved to the State and the municipalities. At the same time the granting of licenses to cover particular districts and the encouragement given to local authorities to compete with the companies, together with the absence of provisions insuring a uniform system, led up to a tangle that was only partially relieved by the amalgamation of the various concerns into one large corporation. Incidentally it may be noted that while some seventy municipalities applied for and were granted powers to start local telephone services of their own, only six actually embarked on the enterprise and of these six four were but too glad to sell out their undertakings in a very few years either to the post-office or the National Telephone Company. The experiment showed that, in Great Britain at any rate, municipalities could not hold their own successfully against a well-organized commercial company and that their attempt to do so not only contributed nothing to the development of the telephone industry, but proved in every case a source of public annoyance and considerable financial loss to the local taxpayers. Although they possessed, while the company did not possess, the right to tear up the streets at will, and although their enterprises were heartily backed by all the advocates of Public Ownership, none of them made a success, or anything approaching a success, of their telephone services. This is a highly instructive fact. It helps to support the conclusion to which an impartial inquirer again and again finds himself driven—that Public Ownership is only commercially profitable when it has an absolute monopoly of an established utility, that it is fundamentally unfitted to cope with an industry that is still in the experimental and tentative stage, and that in competition with a private corporation it must always go to the wall. The one valuable result, indeed, of municipal telephones was that they demonstrated the wastefulness and futility of competition in an industry that could only render its best service to the community by being organized and directed as a whole on uniform and interconnecting lines. The post-office in 1899

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secured a Parliamentary grant of $10,000,000 to enable it to establish a competing telephone system in London. But when the undertaking came to be considered by practical men it was found to be so hazardous financially and so clearly detrimental to the interests and convenience of the public that it was abandoned in favor of an understanding which for the past eleven years has permitted the post-office and the National Telephone Company to work together with more or less harmony in equipping London with two telephone systems, one the offspring of governmental action and the other of private enterprise, but charging the same rates, affording one another equal facilities, and forming, therefore, from the standpoint of the telephone subscribers and users, one uniform system.

But while the post-office and the National Telephone Company have co-operated during the past decade with tolerable good-will, their co-operation has been of an exceedingly one-sided character. The company's original license was granted in 1880 for a term of thirty-one years, expiring on December 31, 1911. It had long been evident that it would not be renewed and that the post-office would succeed to its business; and in 1905 an agreement was reached as to the terms on which the transfer should be effected both in London and in the provinces. The essence of the arrangement arrived at was that the post-office should purchase the company's plant, wherever suitable to the purposes of the post-office service, as working plant *in situ*, without allowance for good-will or for past or future profits. The harshness of these terms is self-evident and arises from the fact that the company was not really a free agent in making the bargain, that with the expiration of its license it would lose its legal right to continue in the telephone business at all, and that it was therefore practically forced to accept whatever terms the post-office chose to offer. After weathering all the anxious years of experimentation, after nursing a public utility into a popularity so great that it has now become an indispensable adjunct to every-day life, and after rendering this immense service to the community in the face of official obstruction, the company might well have thought itself entitled to be expropriated—if expropriation was to be its fate—at something more than the bare working value of its plant. But the inequity of the terms of the transfer is not more pronounced than their impolicy. One of the

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essential features of sound telephone development is the systematic installation of plant and material beyond the actual needs of the moment and in preparation for future requirements. Growth, and elasticity, and the accumulation of an ample margin of spare facilities over and above the demands of the day, are fundamental conditions of any telephone company's progress. But they are conditions impossible of fulfilment when the fiat has gone forth that on a certain date a few years ahead the plant of the company is to be purchased by the State not at its prospective value, but at its actual working value. There can be no question that the Agreement of 1905 between the post-office and the National Telephone Company has strangled the latter's work of constructional development, has prevented it from branching out in directions that could only be revenue-producing when its license had expired, and has resulted in the post-office finding itself possessed of a congested system, without proper plans or facilities for expansion, and necessitating not only a large and immediate outlay, but also a considerable period of bad service and retarded development.

The history of the telephone in Great Britain is, then, the history of an invention over which the Government from the first asserted a legal monopoly, but the practical development of which it leased to private corporations in return for a ten-per-cent. royalty on the gross receipts. It cannot be said that the State showed the slightest prevision of what the telephone was destined to become, or of how it ought to be popularized, or of the proper policy demanded in the public interests for its regulation. It began in the usual way by scoffing at the new toy, but even while it scoffed it sought to safeguard itself against the possibility that it might compete with the Government's ownership of the telegraphs. It threw upon private initiative all the risks of the new enterprise, reserving to itself the right to expropriate the ultimate profits. It failed altogether to recognize that competition in telephones, so far from being a protection, was really a betrayal of the public interests. Accordingly, it scattered its licenses broadcast and encouraged the municipalities, always with disastrous results, to exploit the new utility for themselves. It hampered the private companies in every way with jealous shortsightedness, and then used the inefficiency of their service as an

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argument for Public Ownership. And finally it employed its irresistible statutory powers to buy out the companies on terms that were in the last degree ungenerous and oppressive. More or less this also has been the history of the telephone not only in Great Britain, but throughout Europe, except that the majority of European countries anticipated Great Britain by several years in making the telephone a Government monopoly, while in all of them official regulations and restrictions have multiplied both in numbers and stringency. The contrast, therefore, between the American and the European policy in regard to the development of this public utility and to its relations with the State is complete; and a comparison of the results achieved under the two systems is both pertinent and illuminating. Take first the test of numbers. The well-known English expert, Mr. Herbert Laws Webb, writing some eighteen months ago and taking as the basis of his comparison the total number of telephones in each European country and the number operated under the Bell system in America—which is, of course, considerably less than the total number of telephones in use throughout the United States—found that the telephone development in Europe in 1910 was almost exactly one-tenth of the American Bell system in proportion to population. That is to say, while the Bell system furnished Americans with 64 telephones per thousand inhabitants in Europe there were no more than 6.4 telephones per thousand people. If the comparison had been between all the European telephones and all the American, whether in or out of the Bell system, it would have shown that a thousand people in Europe have one telephone where a thousand Americans have fifteen. If the telephone had been developed in Europe on the same scale as the Bell system in America, Great Britain would have about four and a half times as many telephones as she actually possesses, Germany four times as many, France over ten times as many, Russia six thousand times as many, Sweden twice as many, Austria-Hungary twenty times as many, Switzerland three times as many, Norway the same, Denmark twice as many, Italy over fifty times as many, Holland seven times as many, Belgium ten times as many, Spain ninety times as many, and Portugal, Greece, Servia, Bulgaria, and Roumania about the same. In Germany, France, Austria-Hungary, Switzerland, Belgium, Italy,

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Greece, Bulgaria, Servia, and Roumania the telephone is a State monopoly; and in only two of these States—Germany and Switzerland—has anything approaching a success been made of it. In Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, where also the results are comparatively satisfactory, the Government and private companies work side by side, though with increasing difficulty. Taken as a whole, therefore, it will be seen that private enterprise as practised in America has been overwhelmingly more effective in diffusing the benefits of the telephone than Public Ownership, or than private enterprise in official leading-strings, in Europe. And if a comparison could be instituted not merely between numbers, but between the efficiency of the services provided in Europe and in the United States, the disparity, I believe, on the technical and commercial sides, and particularly from the standpoint of the consumer's convenience, would be found to be even greater. Private enterprise has given America the best and the biggest telephone service in the world, while Public Ownership in Europe has hindered its development, impaired its usefulness, and inflicted incalculable losses on many millions of people by depriving them, or supplying them with nothing more than a parody, of the speediest means of communication that human ingenuity has yet invented.

What are the inferences that may fairly be drawn from this remarkable record? First it should be noted that the policy of European governments toward the telephone was from the beginning largely dictated by the fact that they already owned and operated the telegraphs and that in very few countries, if any, had the telegraph monopoly proved a commercial success—the British post-office, for instance, loses about $5,000,000 a year on this branch of its service. The entrance of a new competitor that promised to increase still further the annual deficit on the telegraphs was a development, therefore, anything but welcome to the bureaucratic mind. Just as municipalities that own the gas-works are inevitably driven to oppose the advent of electric lighting under company management, and just as the local authorities that own and operate the city street-cars are insensibly hostile to the competition of motor omnibuses, so on a larger scale the European governments, fearful of its effects upon their telegraph monopolies, set out to control, and at once succeeded in checking, the development

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of the telephone. That is one more illustration of the principle that Public Ownership not only grows by what it feeds on, but finds itself constantly compelled to enlarge its dietary in ways it had not anticipated and does not relish. Not all, but certainly a great many, of the objections to Public Ownership would disappear if we could be sure that all public utilities had reached a final and static form and were never henceforward to be exposed to the danger of supersession by newer inventions. But so long as mechanical progress continues and old methods are displaced by new ones so long must governmental undertakings from time to time become obsolete or be threatened with an exhausting rivalry. And when that happens, when a new ultility is discovered menacing some established State monopoly, the history of the telephone in Europe tells us what we may expect. Nothing in the nature of free competition will be permitted; the new invention will be thwarted by governmental regulations; its development will be obstructed nominally in the public interests, really to preserve already existing State enterprises from a too successful attack; its very right to enter the country at all will only be allowed on condition that it admits itself an interloper without legal standing, that it agrees to abide by whatever restrictions the Government may see fit to impose, and that, if it prospers and proves practicable, it will submit to expropriation by the State. Under such circumstances progress can make but little headway, capital becomes discouraged, and a policy designed among other things to preserve the community against the exactions of a private monopoly operates in effect to deprive it of a needed utility. Public Ownership of any given service means, in short, public jealousy and strangulation and ultimate purchase of anything that threatens to compete with it.

Another point emphasized by the history of the telephone in Europe is the inability of a Government Department to improve and get the best results from a utility that at the moment of its absorption by the State is still in an unsettled and embryonic phase of development. The British post-office has been wiser or more fortunate in deferring the expropriation of the National Telephone Company until experience has solved most of the early technical problems of the telephone industry and has laid down the broad principles of business-like management. With scarce-

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ly an exception the States that took over the telephone in its infancy, and within a few years of its first introduction, have lamentably failed to keep pace with the inventions and devices that have raised it in the United States to the top notch of perfection. They find themselves encumbered today with antiquated plant, apparatus of a kind that in America went to the scrap-heap twenty years ago, and crude commercial practice. There are great and famous towns in Europe at this moment where the obsolete magneto system, long ago abandoned in the United States for the central battery, still obtains, where the old flat-rate scheme of tariffs is still the rule, and where the single exchange district, with relatively high rates for distant parts of the town, still holds the field; while throughout the length and breadth of the Continent hardly a single efficient long-distance service is to be found. Why is this? It is partly because the governments have shrunk from putting sufficient capital in the business and have thus forfeited one of the principal advantages that the advocates of Public Ownership claim for it over private enterprise, while at the same time, in countries where the telephone has not been made a Government monopoly, the system of issuing limited licenses, terminable at the end of a fixed and usually too brief period and under indefinite conditions as to the repayment of capital, has hindered the flow of private investment. Mixed up with the routine of a great Government Department, and linked especially with the administration of the telegraphs, which in no country, I believe, brings in any revenue to the State, and subject to a variety of political influences that have nothing to do with, and are often opposed to, business-like and economical management, the official managers of the State telephone systems in Europe have found it practically impossible to get the money necessary for the proper development of their enterprise. And just in proportion to its extreme technicality both on the scientific and the commercial side, the telephone industry, in its early experimental years particularly, asked venturesomeness, faith in the future, an instant readiness to adapt new discoveries, and an incessant expenditure without any immediate return. In 1905 the Merchants' Association of New York inquired into the telephone system of that city and issued a report. "In the New York telephone system," it said, "improvements and changes have

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succeeded one another at close intervals during the entire period in which the business of exchange telephone service has existed. During the sixteen years which the committee's investigation covers the plant has been practically rebuilt three times. At various times radical improvements have been made in cables and in switch-board systems, which have involved the abandonment of plant by no means unserviceable because of its physical conditions and its replacement by plant of an improved character. Some of the central stations have been rebuilt three times within a little over ten years."

But alertness and enterprise such as this cannot reasonably be expected from a Government Department. The characteristics of the bureaucratic mind and temperament forbid it. The organization of a Government office, with a virtually irremovable staff, forbids it. The spirit of officialdom, with its traditions of subordination, its narrow professional outlook, its unwillingness to concentrate responsibility, its insensible stifling of initiative, forbids it. When humanity has reached the plane on which the ideal of social service is a stronger incentive to sound administration than the hope of gain, and when politicians are inspired solely by an informed desire for the public good, things may be different. But at present a Government office cannot raise and discipline its staff to the same level of efficiency as a commercial corporation, cannot act with the same freedom and directness as a Board of Directors, cannot pursue a business object without deference to a hundred influences and considerations from which a president of a company is exempt and which all militate against the first principles of commercial success and cannot, therefore, display the same open-mindedness and elasticity, the same speculative foresight, the same promptitude in taking risks, without which an industrial undertaking, and especially one which is just groping its way from the experimental to the practical phase, is doomed to failure and stagnation. The marked and pervasive unprogressiveness of the great majority of the State telephone systems in Europe is not an accident. It is the inevitable result of the constitution of governments if not of human nature itself. I believe I am right in saying that not one of the innumerable discoveries that have transformed the technical and commercial management and development of the telephone in the last thirty

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years has emanated from a Department of State, that European governments have been the last to adopt them, and that the verdict which experts are obliged to pass upon them, with perhaps one or two exceptions, is that they have not learned their business. A Government, it must be remembered, is debarred, or feels itself debarred, from utilizing the most powerful of all the weapons of modern commercial enterprise—it cannot advertise; it is cut off from the hundred and one expedients that are needed to explain and popularize a new invention; and one of the reasons for the comparative backwardness of telephone development in Europe is that its usefulness has never been properly brought before the public and that the various State Departments, charged with its management and expansion, have never sought subscribers, but have waited for subscribers to come in of their own accord. Another and hardly less potent reason is that political pressure has induced the fixing of rates at a figure which could only be maintained by a progressive sacrifice of efficiency. Practically all the governments of Europe in their conduct of the telephone industry have made the vital and fundamental error of seeking efficiency through economy instead of economy through efficiency. They failed at the outset to recognize that an untrustworthy and dilatory service is dear at any price and finding it politically impossible to raise the rates to a remunerative figure and being equally unwilling to bear the losses that a first-class service on a basis of unprofitable fees would have involved, they have ended by giving the telephone a bad name and by making it throughout the greater part of the Continent synonymous with all that is incompetent. There is, in short, little in the European history of the telephone that contradicts Mr. Vail's trenchant dictum that "the combination of the promoter, investor, and capitalist, with their imagination, personality, optimism, and desire, has been at the bottom of every development of every kind or nature which has benefited the human race in the way of utilities and is still the only way in which new utilities can be developed." That history confirms his declaration that "whenever any great works have been undertaken by governments they have been on lines of old development, based on experience of that which has been developed by the persistent genius and application of some individual or group of individuals."

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One may, therefore, with some safety deduce from the experience of Europe, first, that Public Ownership is inapplicable to any industry the methods and principles of which are still in the formative stage; secondly, that an overzealous guardianship of the public interests—a guardianship that quickly passes from regulating a given utility to obstructing its growth—is a formidable obstacle to technical progress and inflicts severe losses socially as well as financially on the community as a whole; thirdly, that even when, as in Germany and Switzerland, it is seen at its best, Public Ownership of telephones does not produce nearly such striking results as private enterprise; and, finally, that when a corporation and a public authority are each engaged in furnishing the same locality with the same utility the advantages inherent in corporation management are sufficient to outweigh official opposition and restrictions and to put the local authority out of business. A perfervid advocate of Public Ownership, however, might admit all this and still maintain that Great Britain, for instance, has done well to purchase and operate the telephone business of the country in the present stage of its development—that is to say, when it is a well-established and expanding industry with an assured future before it. This is a perfectly intelligible standpoint and deserves consideration. Personally I think it was long ago evident that State ownership in Great Britain was bound to be the ultimate consequence of the harassing policy directed by successive governments against telephone development in private hands. That policy, as I have explained, has from the beginning cramped the growth and usefulness of the telephone. Nothing less than its reversal and abandonment and the strict limitation of State activities to the work of regulating the monopoly and extracting from it a legitimate royalty would have enabled the National Telephone Company to expand with the same speed and efficiency as has been shown in the United States. And in these matters governments rarely, if ever, reverse their policy. The practical alternatives which confronted Great Britain lay, therefore, between an inferior telephone system under private management—inferior because the State would not permit it to expand to the full measure of its capacity—and an improved and more widely diffused system under National Ownership. The legislature in these circumstances had no option but to choose the latter

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as the smaller of two evils. But while approving its choice one must not lose sight of the policy of official obstruction, pursued from the beginning to the immense loss of the community, which made that choice necessary. The post-office will certainly provide the British people with a better telephone service than any they have yet had. But it will not provide them with so good a one as they might have had if the course of action adopted by the Government in the early years of telephone development had been helpful instead of repressive and if officialdom had shown itself more anxious to promote the public welfare than to protect its monopoly of the telegraphs. Nothing can now repair the waste and confusion engendered by that initial blunder or furnish the United Kingdom with telephone facilities up to the American standard of numbers and quality. The post-office at the best will supply an ampler and more efficient service than it has allowed the National Telephone Company to supply. But it is both a physical and a financial impossibility for it to hope to rival or even approach the successes achieved in the United States by unhampered private enterprise.

So far, then, as telephones are concerned the action of the State has in the past been demonstrably injurious to the social and commercial interests of the British people. What now of the future? For practically a decade the post-office and the National Telephone Company have been working side by side in the development of the London telephone service. The published accounts show that though the post-office pays neither rent nor rates nor taxes its working expenses have been seventy-three per cent. of its gross receipts, whereas those of the private corporation have been only fifty-six per cent. of its gross receipts. Clearly, therefore, the telephone business is not going to be handled by the State with anything like the same economy as though it were under a strictly commercial management. Will Public Ownership and operation prove as enterprising as private initiative, as prompt to discard obsolete methods and apparatus, as quick to adopt new inventions, as skilful and aggressive in gathering in subscribers? Nobody with the example, on the one hand, of State telephones in Europe before him, on the other, of what has been accomplished in the United States by the Bell system can for one moment believe it. If the central battery were to be super-

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seded by some more efficient device one may be tolerably sure that the British post-office would be the last to experiment with the new improvement; if automatic telephones or wireless telephones were suddenly found to yield better results than the present system, one may be tolerably sure that official recognition of the fact would follow far in the wake of private recognition and private utilization. It is not an absolute and universal rule that the State must always lag behind the individual and the corporation in the qualities of inventiveness and enterprise—it was a Government, for instance, that designed the "Dreadnought"—but it is so nearly an absolute and universal rule that the exceptions to it are negligible.

We come now to the question of prices and profits. A bare comparison of the rates, tariffs, charges, wages, and similar financial items obtaining in different countries, or even in different parts of the same country, is rarely decisive, is usually, indeed, misleading, in the discussion of an economic or industrial problem. So much depends on the general scale of living, and the local purchasing-power of money, the cost of labor, and a variety of other conditions, that all figures to be helpful or even intelligible need to be translated by a knowledge of the circumstances that surround them. But there cannot, I think, be much question that, even when all such allowances have been made, the cost of the telephone in the United States is considerably higher than in Europe, and especially than in England. In London you can go into any post-office and ring up any number in the London district for four cents, and the average charge for using the British long-distance lines is the astonishingly low one of eleven and three-fifths cents. By comparison with England it might, therefore, be reasonably argued that Americans pay twice over for their telephone service, first by being charged at an appreciably higher rate and secondly by seeing the profits of the telephone monopoly disappear into private pockets. On the other hand, it might just as reasonably be argued that the tariff fixed by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company cannot be excessive when judged by American conditions and by the efficiency of the service provided, for otherwise the telephone would never have attained its phenomenal and universal popularity. Moreover, it is an exceedingly tenable proposition that the low rates charged in England are

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really delusive and have only been made possible by sacrificing the prime essential of a rapid, expanding, and dependable service. The extreme probabilities are that, as in the case of the telegraphs, the British telephone system will be worked at a loss. The post-office, indeed, publicly disclaims any intention of seeking a profit. Its aim is to popularize the utility as widely as possible and to furnish it, if necessary, below cost price. But we have seen that there is a strong likelihood, amounting almost to a certainty, that the post-office will not succeed in emulating the efficiency and enterprise of corporation management. The question, therefore, from the standpoint of the community resolves itself into this: Is it better for a nation that its telephones should be in the hands of the State, run without thought of profit, charged for at a low rate, and administered by comparatively inefficient and unenterprising methods, or that its telephones should be managed by a private corporation under State supervision and regulation, working for a profit, charging on the whole a higher tariff, but striving for and attaining a maximum of efficiency, progressiveness, and reliability? That is the problem; and the evidence and arguments I have adduced seem to me to show clearly to which side the balance of public advantage inclines. Wherein do the British people benefit by the transfer of the National Telephone Company's undertaking to the State? They surrender the royalty which the company paid to the post-office; they face the virtual certainty of a heavy increase of the national expenditure and liabilities, an increase which can only be offset by some form or other of additional taxation; and they receive in return a better, a larger, and possibly—though this is doubtful—a cheaper service than at present, but nothing like so good or so extensive a one and only a little cheaper than they might have had long ago had the policy of the State been one of what I may call co-operative regulation—had the State, in other words, encouraged and facilitated the development of the new utility to its fullest capacity while rightly supervising its charges and operations in the public interest. Whether to correct abuses or to promote the common welfare, the history of the telephone in Europe and in America shows private initiative under State control to be a far more effective instrument than Public Ownership and public operation.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

(To be Concluded)

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AMERICAN IDEALS AND RACE MIXTURE

BY PERCY STICKNEY GRANT

THE most impressive sight to be seen in America is the stream of immigrants coming off ship at Ellis Island. No waterfall or mountain holds such awesome mystery; no river or harbor, embracing the navies of the world, expresses such power; no city so puts wings to the imagination; no work of art calls with such epic beauty. But there are spectators who behold in the procession from overseas an invading army comparable to the Gothic hordes that overran Rome, who lament this meeting of Europe and America as the first act in our National Tragedy.

Undoubtedly we have a situation unknown to any other nation, past or present. In 1910 the total population of the United States was 91,972,266; of these 13,343,583 were foreign-born whites; 10,239,579 were negroes, Indians, and Asiatics. Between 1900-1910, 9,555,673 immigrants came in from over fifty races. Of the native whites forty-seven per cent. are the children of foreign-born parents. Of our entire population 43,972,185 were born of native white parents—that is, only forty per cent.

A recent writer in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, Prescott F. Hall, secretary of the League for Limiting Immigration and author of a volume on immigration, stated in the January number the case against the future of American ideals under the influence of race mixture. He began by quoting Gobineau: "America is likely to be not the cradle of a new, but the grave of an old race." Mr. Hall sought to sustain this prophecy.

I belong to no immigration league, "limiting" or "liberal"; I have had no admixture of blood in my own family, outside the original area of Massachusetts, for two hundred

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years, but I wish to suggest considerations that may calm the fears of Mr. Hall and his friends. In the half-dozen years since his larger study of the question a new collection of facts in the case has been made in America. A volume, *The Problem of Immigration,* just published by Professor Jenks and Professor Lauck, ought to modify considerably a pessimistic forecast. Both the authors were from the beginning connected with the United States Immigration Commission which has been studying the problem for the last four years, and they have summed up in their 484 pages the information collected in forty-two volumes of the original material published by the Commission.

Broadly speaking, our apprehension of harm to American ideals from race mixture is nothing but prejudice. Much of our dread of a deterioration of the American stock by immigration is a survival of ancient jealousy and alarm which once characterized the contact of all "natives" everywhere with all "foreigners." The sight of a foreigner meant ordinarily a raid or a war. This real dread, as it was of old, lingers in our subconsciousness. The destruction of the trait will yield only to intelligence, sympathy, and civilization.

Another element in our fear is the fetish of Teutonic superiority and the dogma of Latin degeneracy. Races that have produced in our lifetime a Cavour, a Mazzini, a Louis Pasteur, that have fought and defeated ecclesiastic and feudal enemies in their own households, have much to teach us.

In the Conference on Immigration held in New York a few years ago, there were delegates scarcely able to speak the English language who orated against later arrivals in this country than themselves and predicted our downfall if they were admitted. In short, every race considers itself superior; its diatribes against other races are sheer vanity. We Americans, in conceit of superiority, are in the same class as the Chinese. William Elliot Griffis, a writer on Asiatic people, recently declared that

> "after an adult lifetime of study of the peoples of the Far East, I find few or no novelties in their history or evolution as compared with that of our own rise from savagery to civilization; nor is their human nature by a hair's-breadth different from our own. What we need now to have cast in the world's melting-pot is the colossal conceit common to the white and the yellow man with more scientific comparative history."

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At any rate, our free government is a standing invitation to the oppressed of other countries, and our undeveloped wealth makes a constant appeal for strong arms and hard workers. What can we do, then? We cannot shut out "foreigners" and still be true either to our own ideals or to our practical requirements. Nor can we pick and choose. There is no accepted standard of excellence except health and "literacy." Moreover, there are not enough of one foreign stock, were we to select one as the best, to do the work in the United States waiting to be done.

Why shouldn't the badly-off foreigner come here? There is no evidence that the present forms of government under which the immigrant races live at home are the best for them; many of these governments have had to meet grave popular uprisings and revolutions. We cannot say to the immigrant, "Stay where you were born, because the government there is best adapted to you." Some of our new people are even exiles—driven from their homes. Nor can we say, "Reform your government." Such a method under despotism is too uncertain for men who desire to see results.

The forms of government under which men live are not stereotyped, and, while some change slowly, others in response to the people's need change rapidly. A democracy is the most plastic form and gives freest course to evolutionary development. There is, consequently, a natural flow from rigid to plastic governments, which can only be checked by the plastic becoming set. This it cannot do without committing suicide. One of our mistakes (a most important cause, too, of our distrust of race mixture) is to suppose that our own form of government is fixed and final, only to be injured or destroyed by any change.

The scientific attitude toward heredity is to-day different from a generation ago. Darwin's theory of slowly acquired characteristics and of the transmission by heredity of acquired characteristics was attacked by August Weismann, whose germ-plasm theory of heredity seriously weakened Darwin's hypothesis. Then came the botanist, De Vries, with his theory of spasmodic progress, amounting to "spasmodic appearance of species at a given time under the influence of certain special conditions."

Francis Galton brought forward the theory of mathematical inheritance, which, modified by Pearson, amounts to this: That of all the heritage which an individual pos-

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sesses one-half on the average comes from his parents, one-fourth from his grandparents, and so on. Meanwhile the studies of Gregor Mendel, Abbot of Brünn, neglected for thirty-five years after their publication in 1865, came to light, with a specific body of botanical experiments leading to certain general principles of heredity. The essential part of Mendel's discoveries is the principle of the segregation of characters in the fusion of the reproductive cells or gametes, with its natural corollary, the purity of the gametes. Mendel did not believe in blends, but in the unit character of heredity.

Two theories of heredity are now current:

"1. Children show a tendency to revert to a type intermediate between the types of the two parents, or in cases of changes of types to another type, dependent upon the mid-parental type. In other words, the characteristics of the parents are blended in the children.

"2. Either the father's or the mother's type, or the type of a more remote ancestor, is reproduced, and certain parental traits may be dominant over others—*i. e.*, one particular trait, either father's or mother's, to appear with greater frequency in the children than the corresponding but different trait of the other parent."*

An inquiry into the values of a cephalic index (that is, the ratio of the width of the head to the length) has shown clearly that the type of heredity in intermarriages in the same race is that of alternating heredity. Children do not form a blend between their parents, but revert either to one type or the other.

Mendel's law attaches so much value to "dominant" and so much danger to "recessive" units that under his theory, it would be natural to try to divide races into the old categories of sheep and goats. But even under the operation of his law a mixed race has advantages over a pure race.

"The clear lesson of Mendelian studies to human society is this: That when two parents with the same defect marry—and there is none of us without some defect—*all* of the progeny must have the same defect, and there is no remedy for the defect by education, but only, at the most in a few cases, by a surgical operation. The presence of a character in one parent will dominate over its absence in the other parent; . . . the advanced position masters the retarded or absent condition."

"The mating of dissimilars favors a combination in the offspring of the strongest characteristics of both parents

* *Change in Bodily Form of Descendants of Immigrants*, by Franz Boas.

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*and fits them the better for human society.''** A strong argument for miscegenation.

Environment to-day is considered a most important factor in heredity by students outside the ranks of pure biologists. Take such a fact as this, that the intellectual classes among the Magyars, the Uralo-Altaic peoples, the Slavs or German races, furnish us with identical measurements of trunk, extremities, etc., whereas individuals of the same race differ considerably when once distinctly separated by their occupations. Another fact in the same direction is that the measurements of Austrian Jews correspond entirely with those that Gould mentioned in the case of cultivated persons in the United States. The Austrian Jews are not engaged in mercantile work, but almost exclusively are money-lenders, small shop-keepers, lawyers, and doctors.†

We all agree with Professor Ripley that

"the first impression from comparison of our original Anglo-Saxon ancestry in America with the motley crowd now pouring in upon us is not cheering. It seems a hopeless task to cope with them, to assimilate them with our present native-born population."

But listen further:

"Yet there are distinctly encouraging features about it all. These people, in the main, have excellent physical qualities, in spite of unfavorable environment and political oppression for generations. No finer physical type than the peasantry of Austro-Hungary are to be found in Europe. The Italians, with an out-of-door life and proper food, are not weaklings. Nor is even the stunted and sedentary Jew—the third greatest in our present immigrant hordes—an unfavorable vital specimen. Their careful religious regulations have produced in them a longevity even under most unfavorable conditions. Even to-day, under normal conditions, a rough process of selection is at work to bring the better types to our shores. We receive, in the main, the best, the most progressive and alert of the peasantry that the lower classes which these lands recently tapped are able to offer. This is a feature of no mean importance. Barring artificial selection by steamship companies and police, we need not complain in the main of the physique of new arrivals."

The great problem for us in dealing with these immigrants is not that of their nature, but that of their nurture.‡

"We Americans who have so often seen the children of underfed, stunted, scrub immigrants match the native American in brain and

* Charles B. Davenport, "Influence of Heredity on Human Society," in *Annals of American Academy,* July 1, 1909.

† Jean Finot, in *Race Prejudice,* pp. 120, 122.

‡ William Z. Ripley, in "Race Progress and Immigration," in *Annals of American Academy,* July, 1909, pp. 130-138.

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brawn ought to realize how much the superior effectiveness of the matter is due to social conditions. The cause of race superiority is a physiological trait—namely, climatic adaptability."*

The races coming to America show power of adaptation. But as this power of adaptation must be slow, we must be patient. It was slow among the best of the early colonists. "*The adaptability of the various races coming together on our shores seems, if these indications be borne out by further study, to be much greater than had been expected.*"†

"*Not merely do the children of immigrants in many instances show greater height and weight than the same races in their mother country, but in some instances even the head form, which has always been considered one of the most stable and permanent characteristics of races, undergoes very great changes.*"

"But the important fact to be kept in mind is that whatever the cause may be, and whether the change in type is for the better or worse, the *influence of the new environment is very marked indeed, and we may therefore expect that the degree and ease of assimilation has probably been somewhat greater than has been heretofore assumed.*"‡

The rapidity of the race assimilation in the United States is proved by the absence of racial domination where given races are numercially in the ascendancy.

In America different nationalities are subjected to the same conditions. Each has a chance to make its characteristic dominant.

"The process of assimilation is going on in the United States and is going on very effectually and rapidly, or else there would be differences between different communities, which would be obvious to superficial observation. This assimilation takes place

"(*a*) By intermarriage. It is principally in second and third generations that amalgamation occurs, for two immigrants who come here are either already married or will naturally marry those with whom they associate.

"(*b*) By the common-school education.

"(*c*) By the exercise of political rights.

"Assimilating influences are principally social—that is, the influence

* E. A. Ross, "Causes of Race Superiority," in *Annals of American Academy,* July, 1910.

† *The Immigration Problem,* by Jenks and Lauck, 1912, pp. 266, 269.

‡ E. A. Ross, "Causes of Race Superiority," in *Annals of American Academy,* July, 1910.

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of institutions already established, of a dominant language, of the customs of original inhabitants."*

Professor Earl Finch presents "some facts tending to prove that race blending, especially in the rare instances when it occurs under favorable circumstances, produces a type superior in fertility, vitality, and cultural worth to one or both of the parent stocks."

This view was maintained, on the whole, in the preliminary discussion of the last Congress of Races, the manifest exceptions to the statement being explicable mainly by the unsatisfactory social conditions of the half-breeds—in other words, *the problems of miscegenation are sociological rather than physiological.*

Professor Franz Boas, of Columbia University, in a recent volume, *The Mind of Primitive Man,* defends the proposition that there is a substantial equality in the native mental ability of all races of mankind; that the inferiority of races is not due to any lack of native ability, but to the accidents which have prevented them from sharing in the fruits of the discoveries made by individual geniuses. He finds that "the characteristics of the osseous, muscular, visceral, and circulatory system have practically no direct relation to the mental ability of men" (Manouvrier); and that the size of the brain is so nearly alike in all races that no inferences can be drawn from the facts collected. "It is not impossible that the smaller brains of males of other races should do the same work as is done by the larger brain of the white race" (p. 27). He contends that "the civilizations of ancient Peru and Central America may well be compared with the ancient civilizations of the Old World" (p. 7). *In view of his investigations, the author does not fear the effects of the intermingling of races in America.*†

Says Professor Ripley: "Going back far enough, it is clear that all the peoples of Europe are a hodge-podge of different stocks." Going back as far as we please to the Aryans, we find, some scholars claim, a mixed race. "*Le terme d'Aryen est de pure convention.*"‡ In addition to this sort of general evidence, there is material of a more definite

* Richard Mayo-Smith, in *American Statistical Association,* December, 1893, pp. 429-449.

†From the book review in *Bibliotheca Sacra,* January, 1912.

‡ Quoted in *Foundations of the Nineteenth Century,* Chamberlain, p. 264, note.

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kind. Distinguished men have an ancestry of a mongrel sort.

"Alexandre Dumas (West-Indian negro blood); Alexander Hamilton (French and English); Du Maurier and St.-Gaudens, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, stand for still greater strains of bonds of nationality. Lafcadio Hearn (Greek and Irish). These few examples show that intermixture is, at all events, not destructive in its effect."

Take, too, such a case as Robert Browning, who was rather proud of the fact that he was the product of four strains of European blood.

Drs. von Luschan and Haddon agree that there are practically no pure races still existing, and that a discussion of races is mainly of academic interest. The former goes so far as to state that the old Indo-European, the African, and the Asiatic all branched off from the same primitive stock, perhaps hundreds of years ago, but all three forming a complete unit, intermarrying in all directions without the slightest decrease of fertility.

Even American families have been much beholden to "foreign" blood. Wendell Phillips and Phillips Brooks would be regarded by most people as fine products of the Anglo-Saxon stock. Both had Du Maurier's "drop of Hebrew blood." Professor Sombart credits the Jews with furnishing one frontiersman to every four in the era of American beginnings.

The unfavorable mixture of South-American races with Indians and negroes cited by Prescott F. Hall is not a fair parallel with the mixture of European races. It leaves out of account the European and American *milieu*—education, marriage, the home, and high political institutions.

There seems some distinct limits put by nature upon the mixture of certain races, just as there is to the blending of blood which has become badly vitiated. Nature puts a final veto upon propagation in such directions. There would seem to be, then, a friendly hand held out by nature itself to prevent disastrous results in race admixture.

Another interesting side to this question, however, is seen particularly in the Orient, where the Chinese have mixed with many peoples, as, for instance, the Hawaiians, Filipinos, and Malays. These Mestizos are recognized in the Orient as particularly clever, the reason often assigned being that the Chinese protect and educate their children, no matter what the other blood may be, whereas the Eurasian (white

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and Asiatic mixed) is crippled by the lack of support and education—that is, practical desertion by the white father.

But moral motives are effective in race assimilation and unification. The English lower classes received an enormous uplift, according to Macaulay, from the Reformation, which in his vivid phrase, as I recall it, " transformed the rabble of Wat Tyler into the invincible Ironsides of Cromwell." Transforming and unifying enthusiasms may at any time appear among our new-comers.

The Roman Empire did not fall on account of racial degeneracy, due to the infiltration of Huns, Goths, and Vandals, but on account of the weakness of its political and industrial institutions, and the enervation of the people in the hands of the patrician class. The Roman land laws and Roman slaves, as well as the Roman system of government, which had no method of true amalgamation, but was a loose sort of confederacy, are responsible for the break-up of the Roman Empire.

The rapidity with which the democratic ideas are taken on by immigrants under the influence of our institutions is remarkable. I have personally had experiences with French-Canadians, Portuguese, Hebrews, and Italians. These races have certainly taken advantage of their opportunities among us in a fashion to promise well for their final effect upon this country. The French-Canadian has become a sufficiently good American to have given up his earlier programme of turning New England into a new France—that is, into a Catholic province or of returning to the Province of Quebec. He is seeing something better than a racial or religious ideal in the freedom of American citizenship; and on one or two occasions, when he had political power in two municipalities, he refrained from exercising it to the detriment of the public-school system. He has added a gracious manner and a new feeling for beauty to New England traits.

The Portuguese have taken up neglected or abandoned New England agricultural land and have turned it to productive and valuable use. Both the French-Canadian and the Portuguese have come to us by way of the New England textile mills.

The actual physical machinery of civilization—cotton-mills, woolen-mills, iron-mills, etc.—lock up a great deal of human energy physical and mental, just as one hundred years ago the farms did, from which later sprang most of

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the members of our dominant industrial class. A better organization of society, by which machinery would do still more and afford a freer play for mental and physical energy and organization, would find a response from classes that are now looked upon as not contributing to our American culture; would unlock the high potentialities in the laboring classes, now unguessed and unexpended.

The intellectual problems and the advanced thinking of the Hebrew, his fondness for study, and his freedom on the whole from wasteful forms of dissipation, sport, and mental stagnation, constitute him a more fortunate acquisition for this country than are thousands of the descendants of Colonial settlers. In short, we must reconstruct our idea of democracy—of American democracy. This done, we must construct a new picture of citizenship. If we do these things we shall welcome the rugged strength of the peasant or the subtle thought of the man of the Ghetto in our reconsidered American ideals. After all, what are these American ideals we boast so much about? Shall we say public schools, the ballot, freedom? The American stock use private schools when they can afford them; they too often leave town on Election Day; as for freedom, competent observers believe it is disappearing. The conservators and believers in American ideals seem to be our immigrants. To the Russian Jew, Abraham Lincoln is a god. If American ideals are such as pay honor to the intellectual and to the spiritual or foster human brotherhood or love culture and promote liberty, then they are safe with our new citizens who are eager for these things.

Not only do these races bring with them most desirable qualities, but they themselves are subjected to new environment and strongly influential conditions. Just here arise duties for the present masters of America. Ought they not to create an industrial, social, and educational environment of the most uplifting sort for our foreign-born citizens?

If working-people are obliged to live in unhealthful tenements situated in slums or marsh land, if the saloon is allowed to be their only social center, if they are fought by the rich in every effort to improve their condition, we may expect any misfortune to happen to them and also any fate to befall the State.

What improved *milieu* can do to improve the physique is easily seen on all sides. The increase in the height and

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weight of Americans in the last few decades is conspicuous. Even the size of American girls and boys has increased, and this increase in size is commonly attributed to the more comfortable conditions of life, to better food, and especially to the popularity of all forms of athletics, and the extension, as in the last twenty-five or thirty years, of the out-of-door and country life. If these factors have made so marked and visible a change in the physique of the children of native-born Americans, why may not the same conditions also contribute an improvement to the more recent immigrant stock?

Our question, then, as to the effect of race mixture is not the rather supercilious one: What are we admitting into America that may possibly injure American ideals? but, What are the old American races doing to perpetuate these ideals? And is not our future as a race, largely by our own fault, in the hands of the peasant races of Europe?

After all, for those who pin their faith to the Baltic and northern European races, there is reason for hope to be found even in current immigration. From 1899 to 1910, the Hebrew, southern Italian, Polish, and Slovak period, of the nine millions who landed in the United States, while there were 377,527 Slovaks and 318,151 Magyars, there were 408,614 English, 586,306 Scandinavians, and 754,375 Germans, and even 136,842 Scotch, 151,774 Finnish, 439,724 Irish, and 20,752 Welsh. Two millions and a half from northern Europe—over twenty-six per cent. One million seventy-four thousand are Hebrews, mostly from Russia; and the Russian Jews, according to a most distinguished German Jew, are intellectually the ablest Hebrews in America. If, on the other hand, nearly two millions of the immigrants of the last decade have been southern Italians, let us show them gratitude for their invaluable manual labor, for their willingness, their patience, their power for fast work, and their love of America. Their small stature does not argue their degeneracy. The Romans were small compared to the Goths—small, but well formed and strong. The Japanese are also small.

Indifference, prejudice, illiteracy, segregation of recent immigrants by parochial schools, by a native colonial press, bad physical and social environment, and the low American ideals of citizenship held by those the immigrant sees or hears most about, obstruct race assimilation; but all these can be changed. Yes, it is the keeping up of difference and

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class isolation that destroys and deteriorates. Fusion is a law of progress.

Lastly, let us observe that the men who hold a brief for the "foreigner" are largely men of science from the faculties of our American colleges. Ripley of Harvard, Giddings and Boas of Columbia, and Mayo-Smith (now dead), Jenks of Cornell, Patten and Kelsey of the University of Pennsylvania. The best thought and the best teaching of the country on race mixture is optimistic and constructive. Is it not also significant that an alienist like Dr. Dana is not dismayed by the immigrant, but is hopeful of his contribution? All these are scientific witnesses and are on the spot.

Every act of religious or civil tyranny, every economic wrong done to races in all the world, becomes the burden of the nation to which the oppressed flee for relief and opportunity. And the beauty of democracy is that it is a method by which these needs may freely express themselves and bring about what the oppressed have prayed for and have been denied. Let us be careful not to put America into the class of the oppressors. Let us rise to an eminence higher than that occupied by Washington or Lincoln, to a new Americanism which is not afraid of the blending in the western world of races seeking freedom. Our present problem is the greatest in our history. Not colonial independence, not Federal unity, but racial amalgamation is the heroic problem of the present, with all it implies in purification and revision of old social, religious, and political ideals, with all it demands in new sympathy outside of blood and race, and in a willingness to forego old-time privileges.

The familiar words of Israel Zangwill will bear repeating —that modern prophet from the race that gave to the world Jesus—when, from a steamer in New York Harbor, he broods over America:

"There she lies, the great Melting Pot. Listen! Can't you hear the roaring and the bubbling? There gapes her mouth—the harbor where a thousand mammoth feeders come from the ends of the world to pour in their human freight. Ah, what a stirring and a seething! Celt and Latin, Slav and Teuton, Greek and Syrian—black and yellow. Yes, East and West, and North and South, the palm and the pine, the pole and the equator, the crescent and the cross—how the great Alchemist melts and fuses them with his purging flame! Here shall they all unite to build the Republic of Man and the Kingdom of God. Ah, what is the glory of Rome and Jerusalem where all nations and races come to wor-

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ship and look back, compared with the glory of America, where all races come to labor and look forward."

If America has done anything for an American, it ought to have made him helpful and hopeful toward mankind, especially the poor and oppressed; but science to-day comes to the assistance of democracy and finds the lyric cry of brotherhood in the laws of nature:

"Open thy gates, O thou favored of Heaven,
Open thy gates to the homeless and poor.
So shalt thou garner the gifts of the ages—
From the Northlands their vigor,
The Southlands their grace,
In a mystical blending of souls that presages
The birth of earth's rarest, undreamable race."

PERCY STICKNEY GRANT.

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THOMAS HARDY'S "THE DYNASTS"

BY THOMAS H. DICKINSON

THE first part of Thomas Hardy's *The Dynasts* was published in 1904. The third and concluding part appeared in 1908. So far the work has been received in silence. There are two possible alternative reasons for this apparent indifference. Either it is to be referred to the negligible value of the work itself or it represents a tendency in our age, often seen in the past, to leave to the future the discovery of our masterpieces. The author of this paper accepts the latter explanation, and the study that follows depends upon the thesis that *The Dynasts* is an art creation of the first magnitude judged by the standards of the ages.

Of all projects of art the one of greatest scope is that which is derived from an impulse to create an art-world interpretative of "things entire." To such a project the greatest minds of all time have turned. Homer and Virgil, Dante and Goethe, because they succeeded in this, are given first place in the lists of earthly creators. Sometimes these efforts are thrown into epic form, sometimes into dramatic form. Whether epic or dramatic, their primary essential is an impression of representative magnitude.

It has been found that the way in which such a work, epic or dramatic, may represent the rotundity of things in large is through the treatment of a Great Period or Epoch in human history. It is further found that this period is usually typified by a popular Superman, compounded often of historical and legendary elements, and instinct with the characteristics of the period. So we have in epic Æneas and Arthur, Roland and Beowulf, part person and part abstraction, and blended of historical and mythological elements. Turning to drama we find similar characters representing the same kind of social formula. Prometheus, Tamburlaine, Paracelsus, and Faust are magnified human

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figures representative through great drama of great epochs.

It must be remembered that none of the works of which these figures are the heroes stops with the exposition of a single person or epoch. From the lesser they go on to the interpretation of the greater; and all of the figures we have mentioned are subordinated to the exposition of the cosmical "point of view" of the author.

In these points of view there is a certain uniformity. Greek drama began with a note of philosophical symbolism. There was more to the drama than the story it told. The tomb ritual from which many of the dramas were presumably derived gave to most of them a sense of overhanging doom. Particular factors appear in certain plays. The spirit of human sympathy is strongly present in "The Trojan Women" of Euripides, and Æschylus, most cosmical of all dramatists, argues probably for the first time the case of humanity *versus* the gods.

Later times no less show examples of the drama of world meanings. The Chronicle Plays of England were Epoch Plays, and in "Hamlet" and "Lear" Man is the interest as truly as is the name hero. With German, English, and French romanticism, Epoch tragedy came into its own. "Wallenstein" and "Wilhelm Tell," "Marino Faliero," "Manfred" and "Cromwell," and, in a class by itself, "Faust," are plays in which the cosmos is expounded through the lens of an era.

Goethe's theory of "Faust" was that it should be a *Divina Tragedia*. Writing to its author, Schiller said: "In short, the demands upon 'Faust' are at once philosophical and poetic, and, turn as you will, you will find that the very nature of the object forces on you a philosophical treatment of the matter and your imagination will have to resign itself to the service of the philosophical idea." For these words Schiller received the grateful thanks of the poet. "Faust" treats humanity through the symbol of a German Reformation University. "The Divine Comedy" treats humanity through the symbol of Medieval faith. Byron's "Manfred"—compounded of the Staubbach, the Jungfrau, and Byron himself—treats humanity through the symbol of an age run mad with romanticism.

As between the drama and the epic the advantage for the treatment of majestic themes has always been on the

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side of the epic. Drama, of which the basic theory presupposes possible production, has for this reason lacked the magnitude which would give to the art the impressiveness of grandeur appropriate to its subject. These limitations we find dramatists striving to correct. From the earliest times dramatists combined plays in series in such a way as to secure surface magnitude. "The Oresteia" of Æschylus, the greatest Epoch drama of the ancient world, is in three parts—the "Agamemnon," the "Choephori," and the "Eumenides." Marlowe's "Tamburlaine" and Dryden's "Conquest of Granada" are in ten acts.

All of these plays are built upon the theory of performance. When we come to "Faust" we reach a new step in the history of Epoch Drama. With modifications the first part of "Faust" may well be played. Performance of the second part, though it has lately been undertaken, can hardly be considered to be in accord with the essential nature of the part. Goethe wrote the second part of "Faust" for the same reason for which Milton wrote his epic, "to vindicate the ways of God to man." Milton had added "Paradise Regained" to his first epic; the "Paradise" of Dante had followed the "Inferno"; "Prometheus Unbound" had supplemented "Prometheus Bound." Apparently finding it impossible to complete his scheme within the limits of practicable drama, Goethe cast aside these hindrances and wrote in the form of Dramatic Epic.

This brings us to the form of drama to which we have just referred. An Epoch Drama is a dramatization of an era for the purposes of performance. A Dramatic Epic is the combination of the forms of epic and drama; it is really an epic thrown into dramatic form, with all the characteristics of drama—dialogue, concrete setting, objectivity—impressed into the service of the epic intent. There are reasons for believing that drama is more in accord with the genius of modern art than is epic. In the dramatic structure of the two parts of "Faust" there is included all that before had been found in epic. The difference that this feat effected in the epic was that the action was made dramatic rather than narrative; the difference that it made in the work as drama was only that it could not be played.

After all, why not Dramatic Epic if Lyrical Drama is accepted? Epic and drama have come near together before in the history of art. Milton cast "Paradise Lost" into

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dramatic form before he finally chose the epic form. And his is the last great unmixed epic. So close are the forms of epic and drama in the "Book of Job" that no critic is certain to which class it belongs.

The last great period in human history worthy of an epic and untreated is the Napoleonic era. This period is not only French. It belongs to all civilized nations. It is, in Hardy's words, "a great historical Calamity or Clash of Peoples." As such it is the story of the intense years at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when all the peoples of Europe were settling themselves into adjustment for what we know as the modern era.

It is the Dramatic Epic of this period and of Napoleon, who is its Superman, that Hardy writes. Goethe himself, in "Egmont" and "Die Natürliche Tochter," essayed to express within the regular limits of drama, the spirit of unrest that led up to the French Revolution; but learning his lesson from that writer's "Faust," Hardy throws his drama onto the larger stage of epic. It is well to keep these things in mind in reading *The Dynasts,* for in this work Hardy has provided all the technical machinery of the epic. No work of late years has so thoroughly indicated the principles which underlay its composition and outlined its own critical standards. In writing *The Dynasts,* Hardy has systematized his thinking on the abstruse principles of art and has formulated the code of his own cosmic philosophy. Though it is aside from the point, one feels justified in mentioning the importance of this work in expounding the spirit and philosophy of Hardy's novels. Hereafter no one can read these works understandingly except through the medium of this, perhaps his last, work. No less, of course, do these principles serve to explain the action of the work before us; and through this drama they constitute Hardy's contribution to the philosophy of our time.

There is a certain appropriateness in the fact that Hardy, the descendant of Nelson's flag captain, should have written the drama of the Napoleonic wars. It was in the arms of Captain Hardy that the great Admiral lay when dying, and the names of the two have always been joined. The later Hardy also was personally drawn to the topic through the fact that it was toward his famous Wessex that "Boney" first turned his attention when in the days of his victory

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he dreamed of English conquest. Out of the memories of that time, culled from survivors in his youth, one of Hardy's novels, *The Trumpet Major,* and several of his sketches and short stories are derived.

Hardy presents his formal apology for *The Dynasts* in the Preface to the first volume. In this he is chiefly concerned with two points—the question of his supernatural machinery upon which his philosophy depends, and the question of stage production. Hardy encourages the theory of Dramatic Epic above expressed by showing that production was as far as possible from his idea, as indeed it was from Goethe's in the case of the second part of "Faust." Production the work will receive, according to Hardy, but only in the mind of the reader. This theory lies at the basis of the plastic theater, both for stage and reading plays, and is responsible for the freedom that we find in Shakespeare's practical plays, as well as in "Faust" and the "Brand" and "Peer Gynt" of Ibsen, for instance. In the mind of the reader, the stage can be changed as often as necessary. So each act has innumerable scenes. Scenes follow each other as they would before an all-seeing eye, not geographically nor according to the necessities of the scene-shifter. In this way the scene becomes increasingly a part of the action. To gain this effect Hardy makes his exposition of scene-setting very clear and explicit. Some of his best descriptive prose is put into the provision of a setting that elucidates the action, for he would not be Hardy if he were not as much concerned with the Nature from which Man springs as he is in Man himself.

Pushing this point further, Hardy questions whether the reader's imagination is not one of the most important factors of a great play. He would have a play not only appeal to the imagination, but depend upon it. He writes:

> "A panoramic show like the present is a series of historical 'ordinates' (to use a term in Geometry). The subject is familiar to all; and foreknowledge is assumed to fill in the curves required to combine the whole gaunt framework into an artistic unity."

While disclaiming any intention to intrude in problems in which he lays claim to no mastery (though in stagecraft he is a master), Hardy suggests his wonder whether mental performance may not eventually be "the fate of all drama other than that of contemporary or frivolous life."

As *The Dynasts* is not written to be performed, Hardy

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casts away entirely the ancient limitations as to act form. Irregular as is the second part of "Faust," Goethe still maintains the five-act division of classical memory. But Hardy is careful only to make his acts dramatic units. So he has six acts in each of the first two parts and seven acts in the third. There is no doubt that he would have been willing to have ten had they been necessary.

It is in the treatment of his supernatural machinery that Hardy most stands upon his own feet; and in this he has made his greatest contribution to this type of art. As has been seen, it was the purpose of earlier writers to vindicate, according to the accepted theology, the ways of the gods to men. It is clearly not Hardy's purpose to vindicate anything, mundane or supramundane. The aerial figures even of "Faust," some of which are Greek and some of Hebrew origin, are presented with the sanction of reverence. But in Hardy's opinion such heavenly figures are not germane to the genius of modern thinking. Our times, thinks Hardy, are too skeptical to permit a highly evolved spiritual machinery. He writes, "The meditative world is older, more invidious, more nervous, more quizzical, than it once was." For this reason he provides a series of ethereal beings who shall be as nearly as possible "the modern expression of a modern outlook." He asks for these not reverence of faith or worship, but simply, in the words of Coleridge, "that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment which constitutes poetic faith."

The metaphysical machinery and its cosmogony are further made clear in the words of the Spirits and Choruses in the body of the work. The central essence of the whole scheme of the universe is the Immanent Will, fabric of modern philosophy. The Immanent Will is a blind, unconscious force. "It works unconsciously . . . eternal artistries in circumstance." It is precise and inevitable. There is no way to swerve its destinies—

> "Which thinking on, yet weighing not its thought,
> Unchecks its clock-like laws."

There is no evidence of conscious plan in the universe:

> "Nothing appears of shape to indicate
> That cognizance has marshaled things terrene."

The Will lies outside of time; it is eternal.

> "The Will has woven with an absent heed
> Since life first was; and ever will so weave."

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All the events and circumstances of the world's history are

> "—fibrils, veins,
> Will-tissues, nerves, and pulses of the Cause,
> That heave throughout the Earth's compositure."

All men live under the sway of the Will. The great man is he who discerns the workings of the Will and works with it. But even he, like lesser men, has no choice.

Around the Immanent Will, Hardy gathers several "impersonated abstractions, or Intelligences, called Spirits." The importance of these lies in the fact that in them Hardy has catalogued all of the attitudes from which men view the problem of living in the world. These Spirits are spirits of a conventionalized commentary, each Spirit commenting on the action of the play from its particular point of view. The first of these, the Spirit of the Years, lies nearest to the heart of the Immanent Will. It is this Spirit that is "an accessory of Its works Whom chance has rendered conscious. One may suppose that with this Spirit Hardy has most artistic sympathy, for of all the commenting Intelligences this is the one that is least likely to fall into error, as it refuses to judge and is unable to pity or to scorn. "'Tis not in me to feel with or against these flesh-hinged manikins" the Spirit of the Years announces—

> "But only through my centuries to behold
> Their aspects, and their movements, and their mold."

By their nature all the other Spirits are partisan spirits. Of these the Spirit of the Pities represents the attitude that is best known in literature, the spirit of the sympathetic observer of the sorrows of human fate. This Spirit, as Hardy explains, approximates to what Schlegel called "the universal sympathy of human nature—the spectator idealized" of the Greek Chorus. As such the comments of this Spirit are in the temper of the Chorus of Greek plays, concerning themselves with lamenting the cruelty of the Will, or, as Æschylus would have said, "the gods." A typical expression of this attitude of the Pities is given in the form of a quotation from Sophocles placed in the mouth of the Spirit of the Pities at the death of Nelson:

> "Such gross injustice to their own creation
> Burdens the time with mournfulness for us,
> And for themselves with shame."

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The other Spirits, the Spirits Sinister and Ironic, represent attitudes that are indicated in their names. They are opposite to the Spirit of the Pities. Where the latter Spirit finds sorrow in broken ties, maladjustments, and discords, these Spirits see only cause for sardonic smiles or open laughter. "Hence we've rare dramas going," the Spirit remarks apropos of the Will's heedlessness. To the Spirit of Pities this drama seems tragedy, but to the Spirit Sinister the drama is comedy. In temper it is the "Iago of the Incorporeal World," but Hardy is careful to show that even this spirit is not responsible for pain. When the Spirit once speaks in glee of its past scourges the Spirit of the Years answers—

> "Thy Lisbon earthquake, thy French Terror. Wait
> Thinking thou will'st, thou dost but indicate."

Next to these Spirits there is the Spirit of Rumors, an earth-bound spirit, that moves among men, unseen and unheralded, spreading that irresponsible thing called *bruit;* and for minor functions there are the Shade of the Earth, Spirit Messengers, and Recording Angels.

One cannot but be struck with the astounding significance for the literature of these days of the metaphysical machinery that Hardy has invented. By this machinery we are for the first time provided with a means whereby a great work of art may be completely presentative and at the same time completely detached. Whatever may be Hardy's theory of the Novel, and he himself has defended it as a "personal impression," he has made this work completely equivocal and completely impersonal. Here we have literature divested of the pitfalls of personal predilection and prejudice. Here we have the logical presentation of poised and objective truth, presented with the fidelity of a monograph in history. And with this all the comments that could come from the various minded men of the world are formulated and catalogued. Successively we are, as we watch the great panoramic drama, the Spirit of the Years, patient and observant, the Spirit of the Pities, thrilled with the injustice of human wrongs, the Spirit Sinister, smiling with the scorn of the nihilist or the malevolent god. And no one of these things is Hardy. He stands apart, sedate—detached, a supreme creator in the dead calm of past historic events.

A striking illustration of the detached attitude it is pos-

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sible to take under such a system of balanced commentary is shown in the treatment accorded to those whose lives are known to have deviated from the strict course of morality. For such as these the drama has not a word of censure. Nor is censure or praise given to any one. Interpretation of motives comes, if at all, from the lips of the person concerned, as, for instance, when Nelson half regrets "those dear Naples and Palermo days," or when Josephine repents her early flirting; or it comes frankly from the comments of the Spirit Sinister or the Spirit of the Pities, which of course are partisan and to be taken for what they are worth.

There is another thing that the metaphysical machinery of Hardy's accomplishes. It serves to give in our times, through credible though conventional means, the sense of the supernatural in human affairs. Skeptical as we are, there are limits to our knowledge and much that concerns us lies just beyond the verge in the unexplainable. A large part of our lives is spent very near the verge, peering over into the unknown. Sometimes we plumb the mystery by some finer sense, sometimes in thought we receive messages from regions lost in cloud. This element of the unexplainable, this dependence upon the mysterious forces that can never by any means be seen or felt enters into the lives of all of us, however unwilling we may be to admit it. It is this large dependence that we have in real life upon a life that as humans we cannot fathom that is lamentably lacking in most of our literature to-day. How is the literature of such an age as ours to do justice to its unseen and spiritual forces? This thing Hardy does in quite a credible way by conventionalizing the actions of the Spirits and calling upon us for a temporary cessation of disbelief. By having these Spirits move about among men and speak, all unseen, to the inner ear, the effect of the spiritual is gained without an annoying presumption of the mysterious. So the Spirit of the Pities speaks into Napoleon's ear at the Coronation in Milan and in a ball-room at Paris and he becomes thoughtful in the midst of his splendor. In this way the Spirit of Rumors enters a ball-room or the ranks of an army and spreads unaccountable whisperings. Even the Spirit of the Years warns Nelson that his hours are short, tells Brunswick before Waterloo that he must join his father who had gone before in the same cause, and to Villeneuve whispers when the hour for suicide has come.

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It is clear that this is a drama as much of the unseen as of the seen and that it purports to objectify as much the hidden purposes and tendencies of the ages as the actions and motives of men. To this purpose even the scenic accessories of the drama are directed. As it is a play for mental performance on an imaginary stage, it is quite unnecessary to restrict the action to the limits of ordinary stagecraft. For this reason the largest use to which the scenic background is put is to making visible, as upon a map, the great plan of the Immanent Will as it worked itself out over Europe. The first great panorama presents the Continental scene:

"The nether sky opens, and Europe is disclosed as a prone and emaciated figure, the Alps shaping like a backbone, and the branching mountain-chains like ribs, the peninsular plateau of Spain forming a head. Broad and lengthy lowlands stretch from the north of France across Russia like a gray-green garment hemmed by the Ural Mountains and the glistening Arctic Ocean.

"The point of view then sinks downward through space, and draws near to the surface of the perturbed countries, where the peoples, distressed by events which they did not cause, are seen writhing, crawling, heaving, and vibrating in their various cities and nationalities."

At the battle of Austerlitz the Will unfolds itself as if before physical sight:

"At once, as earlier, a preternatural clearness possesses the atmosphere of the battle-field, in which the scene becomes anatomized and the living masses of humanity transparent. The controlling Immanent Will appears therein, as a brain-like network of currents and ejections, twitching, interpenetrating, entangling, and thrusting hither and thither the human forms."

The dumb shows, too, appeal to the inner eye and are quite impossible of action save upon the stage of the mind.

This convention of mental performance secures for the drama some of its most picturesque effects and gives to it the sense of broad sweep and the supernatural that is necessary for the adequacy of its presentment. No curtain of cloth is drawn to obscure the completed action. Instead the author borrows nature's curtains, the descending night, the gathering fog and mist, and for the median effects the monotones of twilight and the silver gauzes of moonshine. Once "a moving stratum of summer cloud covers up the spectacle like an awning." Again "the characters disperse, the fire sinks, and snowflakes and darkness blot out all." A London assembly closes in this way:

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"The confused tongues of the assembly waste away into distance, till they are heard but as the ripples of the sea from a high cliff, the scene becoming small and indistinct therewith. This passes into silence, and the whole disappears."

In imagination this is the way the Cathedral at Milan is obscured after the Coronation:

"The scene changes. The exterior of the Cathedral takes the place of the interior, and the point of view recedes, the whole fabric smalling into distance and becoming like a rare, delicately carved alabaster ornament. The city itself sinks into miniature, the Alps show afar as a white corrugation, the Adriatic and the Gulf of Genoa appear on this and that hand, with Italy between them, till clouds cover the panorama."

And sometimes we are made to see a scene that can only be a figment of the fancy of the person of the play:

"Thereupon a vision passes before Napoleon as he lies, comprising hundreds of thousands of skeletons and corpses in various stages of decay. They rise from his various battle-fields, the flesh dropping from them, and gaze reproachfully at him. His intimate officers slain he recognizes among the crowd. In front is the Duke of Enghien as showman."

In this way the spectacle advances, sometimes in crowded assembly halls, sometimes in lonely Wessex, moving by night and day and through all seasons to all the capitals of Europe; now we listen to the baseless rumors of ignorant men, and again to the paraphrased debates of Parliament, the manifestoes of Napoleon, and the decrees of the Powers. The period covered by the action extends from 1805 to the defeat at Waterloo, and the play comprises in its three parts 19 acts, 130 scenes, and upward of 30 dumb shows and utilizes in the first part 80 and in the second and third parts 125 speaking characters.

The action begins with the rumors, among a group of stage-coach passengers in southwest England, that Bonaparte is expected to attempt a landing at Wessex. Then in the office of the Minister of Marine in Paris Napoleon outlines his determination to attack England. Back again we are taken to a session of the House of Commons in London, where Sheridan, Fox, Pitt, and other statesmen debate the bill for national defense. The true course of the historic argument is followed in natural and brilliant blank verse. Flashed to the harbor of Boulogne we see the French Army of Invasion in perspective; and in the next scene are in London again, attending at the House of a Lady of Quality, where the Lords are discussing the impending League of

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the Powers of Europe. The act ends with the crowning of Napoleon at Milan.

The following acts take us rapidly over the succeeding scenes of the preparing conflict. At Gibraltar we see Nelson, who, having fathomed the ruse of the French navy, prepares for offense. We are shown the childishness of George, the weariness of Pitt, overburdened and alone, the panic of the English, the failure of Napoleon's plans for the invasion of the islands, and his victory over the Austrians. Now approaches the battle off Trafalgar, the first stand of the English against Napoleon, and the first act in the breaking of his power.

"A bird's-eye view of the sea discloses itself. It is daybreak, and the broad face of the ocean is fringed on its eastern edge by the Cape and the Spanish shore."

Two parallel lines of ships run north and south. They are the combined French and Spanish navies. "On the western horizon two columns of ships appear in full sail, small as moths to the aerial vision. They are bearing down toward the combined squadrons." As the battle begins the scene changes from general to particular. The view is first from the deck of the *Bucentaure,* Villeneuve's flag-ship. Then it changes to the quarter-deck of the *Victory.* Nelson is seen with his officers; Scott is shot dead; Hardy, the flag captain, is wounded. Nelson, full epauletted, walks the deck.

"Gunners, naked to the waist and reeking with sweat, are now in swift action on the several decks, and firemen carry buckets of water hither and thither. The killed and wounded thicken around."

Finally Nelson falls, shot through the left shoulder. He is carried off and then:

"A LIEUTENANT: Now quick and pick him off who did the deed?
That white-bloused man there in the mizzen-top.
POLLARD, a midshipman (shooting): No sooner said than done. A pretty aim!
The Frenchman falls dead upon the poop."

The scene changes to the *Bucentaure* and back again to the cockpit of the *Victory* where Nelson lies. There is a "din of trampling and dragging overhead"; some lie "groaning, some silently dying, some dead." The thoughts of the dying Nelson turn to other days, with one whom he leaves "safe on the nation's honor." "Does love die with our frame's decease, I wonder, or does it live on ever?" he

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asks. There is no answer. Soon the Chaplain's words, "He has homed to where there's no more sea," announce the end.

From the quick rattle of dramatic blank verse, Shakespearean in intensity and pathos, we turn to the Guild Hall at London where Pitt speaks his immortal words, thus nobly paraphrased:

> "My lords and gentlemen:—You have toasted me
> As one who has saved England and her cause.
> I thank you, gentlemen, unfeignedly.
> But—no man has saved England, let me say:
> England has saved herself by her exertions:
> She will, I trust, save Europe by her example!"

Then follows quickly the battle of Austerlitz, the preparations for coalition between Francis and Napoleon, and the death of Pitt, worn out under his burdens. So ends the first part.

With the second part begins the diplomatic battle. The contest is now not only one of arms. Wits are pitted against wits. Unbeaten at arms, Napoleon moves on to Jena, routs the Prussians, enters Berlin, and enforces the cession of Magdeburg against the pleadings of the fascinating Queen Louisa. Even the victories of diplomacy seem to be on his side. Josephine pleads nobly for her wifehood:

> "Great Cæsar, you declared,
> Sank sonless to his rest; was greater deemed
> Even for the isolation. Frederick
> Saw, too, no heir. It was the fate of such,
> Often, to be denied the common hope
> As fine for fullness in the rarer gifts
> That Nature yields them.
>
> "Napoleon's offspring in his like must lie:
> The second of his line be he who shows
> Napoleon's soul in later bodiment,
> The household father happening as he may."

But the case runs against her from the first. The divorce is ratified. The negotiations with Austria begin and are pressed to successful conclusion. We are shown the meeting of Napoleon and his girl bride in the rain at Courcelles, the marriage in the grand gallery of the Louvre, and are present at the birth of the heir at the Tuileries at Paris.

Meanwhile the battle of Corunna has been fought in Spain, Sir John Moore has been hurriedly interred under the guns of the French—

> "He'll couch as calmly in this scrabbled hole
> As in a royal vault!"

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and Wagram has been lost to the Austrians. Then out of the victory of the English at Talavera in Spain the figure of Wellesley begins to emerge from the shadow, the only man in the great "clash of peoples" who compares with Napoleon in embodying the purposes of the insensate Will. As a foil to the new hopes in Wellington, with which the second part ends, Hardy shows in *chiaroscuro* the mad ravings of the King at Windsor, the revels of the Prince Regent in London, and the whisperings of terror and hope spread by the Spirit of Rumor among the English people.

Part I. ended with Napoleon's supremacy. In Part II. the tides run dubiously. Part III. begins on a sure note of victory for England. The Will begins to work away from Napoleon, but still he retains his regnant imagination. The English invasion thwarted, the Russian alliance violated, he turns his mind toward an attack on India. With the advance on Moscow, fortune turns against him irretrievably. The General who could fight the legions of armed foes could not fight hunger and cold.

"The caterpillar shape still creeps laboriously nearer, but instead of increasing in size by the rules of perspective, it gets more attenuated, and there are left upon the ground behind it minute parts of itself, which are speedily flaked over, and remain as white pimples by the wayside. . . .

"Pines rise mournfully on each side of the nearing object; ravens in flocks advance with it overhead, waiting to pick out the eyes of those who fall. . . . The sky seems to join itself to the land. The marching figures drop rapidly, and almost immediately become white grave-mounds."

The Grand Army is wiped away. On the Peninsula the star of Wellington continues to rise. After Leipzig, Napoleon is without an army. The Allies are supreme. Then follows as swift as fate the Catastrophe the Will had been weaving—two hundred pages that read like an avalanche. Maria Louise is appointed Regent, but upon the advance of the Allies retires from Paris and a Bourbon is again placed on the throne of France. Napoleon is in eclipse. The people of Paris put a rope around the neck of the statue of Napoleon on the Column of the Grand Army and amuse themselves with twitching it and crying, "Strangle the tyrant!" From the swift rattle of abdication to Elba we are given two respites. One comes when Roustan, the Mameluke, true to his heredity, brings Napoleon the sword for suicide. Refusing this as untimely, Napoleon muses on death by another means:

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"How gild the sunset sky of majesty
Better than by the act esteemed of yore?
Plutarchian heroes outstayed not their fame,
And what nor Brutus nor Themistocles
Nor Cato nor Mark Antony survived,
Why, why should I?"

He takes poison, but is saved.

The other is in the chamber of Josephine, where she who had been an Empress lies dying. Her thoughts are all upon her absent lord, his late distresses, and those early days when, liking Parisian coquetting best, she refused to join the victorious General in Italy.

"The independent spouse
At that time was myself; but afterward
I grew to be the captive, he the free.
Always 'tis so: the man wins finally!"

Action begins again with Napoleon's dramatic escape from Elba, his building of an army, the desertion of Maria Louisa to the Allies and the arms of her Count, and flight of Louis from Paris. We are in the famous ball-room at Brussels. The news comes that the French have passed the Sambre at Charleroi. Wellington makes call for the rendezvous There echoes through the room the "long-drawn metallic purl of sound" of the call to arms, and the Spirit of the Years sees moving among the dancers one whom none others have seen:

"He was my old friend Death, in rarest trim,
The occasion favoring his husbandry."

Like premonitory events of fate come the battle at Quartre-Bras, the skirmishes on the road to Waterloo and at Nivelle. The battle of Waterloo hangs suspended in the air and finally breaks into detonations as the armies wheel to action. There are a hundred pages of swift, hard, vigorous fighting, now viewed from afar as if from aerial vantage ground, now from the midst of the struggle. Under the lights of the different Spirits the action flashes to scorn, softens to tenderness, or becomes clarified into the picturesque. It is safe to say that our literature has no such battle scenes since Shakespeare, whose scenes these resemble. Before us flash the death of Brunswick, Picton, Ponsonby, the sacrifice of Ney to a worse than death on the battle-field—

"The finest cavalry commander, he
That wears a foreign plume."

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There's time for justice to each, though the action moves like a whirlwind.

And then we are taken to scenes such as we have not had before, the horror and sordidness of war. It is in the Women's Camp near Mont Saint Jean.

"WOMAN: There's no sign of my husband any longer. His battalion is half a mile from where it was. He looked back as they wheeled off toward the fighting-line, as much as to say, 'Nancy, if I don't see 'ee again, this is good-by, my dear.' Yes, poor man! . . . Not but what 'a had a temper at times!

"SECOND WOMAN: I'm out of all that. My husband—as I used to call him for form's sake—is quiet enough. He was wownded at Quarter-Brass the day before yesterday, and died the same night. But I didn't know it till I got here, and then says I, 'Widder or no widder, I mean to see this out.'"

The unweeting doom assigned by the Will draws down upon Napoleon. The impatient waiting for Grouchy ends in the certainty that he will not come.

> "Life's curse begins, I see,
> With helplessness,"

muses Napoleon. Then, the Prussians coming up and loss made certain, he cries:

> "Now all is lost! The clocks of the world
> Strike my last empery-hour,"

and with the end, in the words of the Spirit of Rumors, Napoleon "loses his last chance of dying well."

After the battle comes quiet:

"The reds disappear from the sky, and the dusk grows deeper. The action of the battle degenerates to a hunt, and recedes farther and farther into the distance southward. . . . In the vast and dusky shambles black, slouching shapes begin to move, the plunderers of the dead and dying.

"The night grows clear and beautiful, and the moon shines musingly down. But instead of the sweet smell of green herbs and dewy rye as at her last shining upon these fields, there is now the stench of gunpowder and a muddy stew of crushed crops and gore."

In such a study as this one cannot do justice to the remarkable variety of form and effectiveness of poetic diction displayed in *The Dynasts*. Hardy's gift, as he himself suggests in the Preface to one of his volumes of verse, is dramatic rather than lyrical, yet there are three or four songs of great beauty in the work and other passages of a lyrical character that approach pure magic. One finds it necessary to mention the technical versatility displayed in the lyrics of the Intelligences and Choruses, and particularly the ex-

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traordinary flexibility of the blank-verse paraphrases of actual prose addresses and public documents, such, for instance, as the Proclamation of the Powers, which Hardy gives both in verse and the original prose. The narrative and dramatic mastery of the diction, both prose and verse, has already been sufficiently indicated. Hardy has enriched English poetry with some lines that will not die; many, indeed, challenge and enjoy comparison with the best in the language. The death of Nelson, Josephine's pleading before the divorce, and Napoleon's colloquy with the Spirit of the Years at the end of the drama are pure gold. In our literature one can go no further than to say a thing is Shakespearean. In *The Dynasts* we see many traits that strengthen the association of the name of Hardy with that of Shakespeare; and yet in the entire work there isn't a line that one can say is reminiscent of Shakespeare. In respect of independence of genius, Hardy is unique in our time. The conclusion must be that here is a work of first magnitude—the first, indeed, of our day to create out of the modern cosmogony an epical structure vigorous with all the meanings of antiquity.

THOMAS H. DICKINSON.

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THE GARDENER OF THE SEA

BY SAMUEL MC COY

I

As a bird (flying
  While night comes on
And the light, dying,
  Foretells no dawn)
Wearily searches,
  Haven to find,
Seeks, never perches,
  Through terror blind:
So, over surges
  Of all despair,
My soul He scourges
  Till I grasp prayer.

II

At evening, when the sky's rich tapestries
Of Tyrian blue glow thick with golden globes,
The Gardener of the Sea with heavenly shoon
Walks to and fro within its several bounds,
As one with sandals wet by twilight dews
Might move in quiet in his garden paths.
Unquiet garden! that with lifeless life
Doth crawl and lick the Gardener's piercèd feet!
Forever sterile, though forever sown
With seed of ships and stars and crumbling lands;
Forever sterile, yet forever bright
With the white flashing bloom of breaking seas;
Aceldama of nations, that entombs
The nameless legions of antiquity;
Only thy Gardener dare furrow thee,
Thou field as restless as a cagèd beast,
And thee He ploweth with His four great winds,

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And harrows thee with whirlpool and with storm.
Evening, her blue-black arras thick with stars
Arching above this garden, and the house
Of Night enclose the garden's heaving floor;
A million stars are drownèd, not too deep
To ride and flash like silver lanterns, there;
And the night breeze sweeps cool, and yet more cool
Across the garden and its dark, swift hills,
And lo! upon the moving waters' face,
The Gardener walking, veiled in majesty!

III

Do you remember that long-vanished night,
Master, upon the lake of Galilee,
When the rude, boist'rous waves did sore affright
Matthieu and Marc and stronger men than me?
Then, in the fourth watch, when all hope was gone,
A radiance and a quiet 'round them grew,
And, like a Gardener on some still, smooth lawn,
A Spirit walked the waves—ah, Lord, 'twas you!
And some there were who cried out at that wraith
(That seemed) that trod the murderous sea,
But Peter (who am I) said in his faith:
"Lord, if it be thou, bid me come to thee!"
Yea, of that Garden, to keep watch and ward,
Make me your under-gardener, Lord!

SAMUEL MCCOY.

MUSIC

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

WHAT strange, dim agitation shakes my soul,
And in what world unknown do I now breathe?. . . .
Am I a god that I should feel this glow
Of high-wrought ecstasy? What billows roll
Over my consciousness? What waters seethe
Within the quiet depths of my pale being
And there create such tides of ebb and flow?

. . . . . .

I have uprisen, and life lies far below.

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Here is at last the world whereof I dreamed
From my first hour, when earthly life became
My present doom, and I forgot the past—
Save when some blue unearthly dawn-light gleamed
Suddenly right athwart the night—a flame
Of other spheres I did not always see;
But when thou camest, Music, with this power
That opens my blind eyes—the miracle hour!

O hour miraculous! To stand upright
And search beyond the boundaries of life
Into the Holy Secret. . . . That were worth
More than life's value though it blind the sight
Forever: unknown force is born, is rife
Within the soul—all deeds are possible—
The stars are suns, and the familiar sun
Burns wider, fuses, till all worlds are one.

And through that sea of timeless glory swings
In measured cadence man's resistless wave—
Conscious and living to its utmost drop.
In rhythm with all other waves it sings,
And echoes tireless the song it saves.
Onward and irresistible it moves
Nor ever knows the barrier of a shore,
Brave, glad, responsive, free for evermore.

O Music, if thy spell can bring again
The world's dead days that time has sloughed away—
So dead, yet in their essences alive—
If thou again canst give us their old pain
Or their delight, their yea to life or nay,
If thou canst do so much, how more can Death,
Thy master, give us back all we have cost
To God, all we have missed and thought was lost!

LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

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HOW OUR ROMAN TYPE CAME TO US

BY CHARLES UPSON CLARK

THE development of the print and script which we use is a fascinating story. Every one of us who signs his name traces characters whose origin goes back to the eastern Mediterranean and whose evolution is an abstract of the whole intellectual history of western Europe. Nothing else in our daily life shows so clearly our dependence on Greco-Roman civilization. We may boast of our modernity, we may scorn the classics, we may not know a word of any language but our own; but the moment we write "Pay John Smith five dollars" we do homage to that restless little people of the Ægean and to those proud conquerors of the Seven Hills. Even the despised Middle Ages have their share in this result. Our Roman print which faces you on this page is one of Charlemagne's great contributions to modern life. He was himself unable to write; his affectionate biographer, Einhard, tells us that he used to keep a stencil of his name under his pillow and on sleepless nights try manfully to learn how to form the letters. But he had a deep sense of educational responsibility. He commissioned scholars to collect the Frankish poems and himself composed a grammar of his native Low German tongue; and in the great schools he established at Tours and at Trêves, an English monk, Alcuin, reformed along ancient and beautiful lines the degenerate Merovingian writing and fixed the Caroline hand. This developed gradually into the angular Gothic or black letter which our German friends still cling to; but it was revived in a pure form by Italian humanists just before printing superseded copying. The influence of the Roman Church carried it to England as to Poland and Bohemia; and thus we twentieth-century Americans, with all our independence, use print which Alcuin himself could read at once.

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The genesis of our alphabet offers a series of interesting problems. We used to be taught that the Iliad could not have been committed to writing for generations after Homer; but the remarkable discoveries of recent years, especially in Crete, show us that long before that day—perhaps by 1800 B.C.—writing was in common use on Greek soil. Possibly the art was lost during those ages which separate that brilliant Mycenæan civilization from the Athens and Sparta of written history. We are here concerned, however, with only one branch of that enterprising Greek race.

Just off the coast of Attica, opposite the battle-field of Marathon, lies Eubœa, an island a trifle smaller than Long Island. Its chief city, Chalcis, sent adventurous colonists over the seas in every direction. Some of these pioneers settled along the Italian coast in very early times at Cumæ, not far from Naples. They carried with them their special form of the Greek alphabet; and the Italian natives adopted the writing of Chalcis just as naturally as they bought Chalcidian exports. In those days people wrote from right to left, as the Hebrews and Arabs do yet; but to some inventive genius it occurred to write lines alternately right to left and then left to right—*boustrophedon,* the Greeks called it, from the turning of an ox at the end of a furrow. Thence it was an easy step to the permanent left-right direction which we use.

Until a short time ago we knew of nothing in Latin written boustrophedon and only a few brief inscriptions from right to left. But in 1899 the quiet young Venetian architect, Commendatore Boni, who was in charge of the excavations in the Roman Forum, came upon a slab of black marble which clearly covered something of importance. Careful work disclosed a battered block of stone with lines of Latin running boustrophedon across it. Though much of the inscription is lost and much unintelligible, enough is left to show that we have here some ritual from three or four centuries before Augustus. The letters are still almost wholly Greek; our Roman type has only just cut loose from its parent.

After the days of Cicero and Cæsar our material is abundant. Then, as to-day, there were capitals and script. The capitals have come down to us almost without change. They meet us not only in inscriptions, but also in the books of that day—papyrus rolls. Not a single one of these rolls has

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survived entire and uninjured; but we have plenty of fragments and a very few papyrus MSS. After papyrus rolls were supplanted by parchment books, in the third and fourth centuries of our era, an occasional capital manuscript has outlasted the use and abuse of ages. Three venerable Virgils, at Rome and Florence, still bear witness to the skill of the Roman scribes of 1,400 or 1,500 years ago.

These professional scribes kept rounding their capitals, in the direction of script, till they had evolved a new hand, the uncial. This became the regular book-hand during the troubled days when Visigoth, Ostrogoth, and Lombard descended upon Rome. Our earliest Latin Bibles, together with many legal and medical works, are uncial manuscripts. A beautiful hand, it nevertheless took too much time and too much parchment. So a small-letter hand was developed beside it, largely cursive, but with the letters separate. This is called the semi-uncial. It was of great importance in the evolution of our Roman type. Not only that, but it was the fashionable hand in southern Italy when Pope Gregory sent Augustine to Kent to convert the "angel" Angles; and Augustine's monks perpetuated it on British soil. There it speedily became a well-marked and handsome style of writing, variously known as the Insular, Anglo-Saxon, or Irish. King Alfred, Bede, Cædmon, all the other founders of our literature, wrote like this; the superb Bibles, treasures of Dublin, Durham, Lichfield, the Bodleian, the British Museum, are a noble monument to the skill and pride of our Anglo-Saxon and Celtic forebears. The Irish use this hand even yet to express their Gaelic tongue; one can buy in New York the New Testament in Irish, printed in Irish type.

Meanwhile the great bulk of documents, whose writers could not afford the time and material necessary for such ornate writing, used script even for books. As the Roman Empire split up into separate Germanic kingdoms, each developed a special hand out of this script. These were like our modern script in having the letters connected more or less. A number of their characteristic features have survived —every time you and I write "&" we are using the ligature for the Latin "et" in the Merovingian hand—the national script of northern France. This French hand grew hard to read; and Charlemagne's great reform, under Alcuin, consisted in resurrecting the semi-uncial with some modifications. Every letter stood alone, as in modern print,

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with few exceptions. For three centuries this reformed hand held the field, gradually displacing the Lombard or Beneventan script of Italy and the Visigothic hand of Spain. Then it grew stiff and angular, crystallizing in the Gothic black letter which we know best in calling-cards and newspaper name heads, but which was once as familiar in England as it still is in Germany, Denmark, and Norway.

Dante and Petrarch, Valla and Poggio, usher in modern times. To-day's civilization is largely due to their rediscovery of the classics. They recovered also the older and better style of writing. Italian humanists had their manuscripts copied in this revival of Charlemagne's reformed hand. About 1450 Gutenberg invented movable types, and the printed book sprang into being. Since Gutenberg was a German, there was great danger that the new process would perpetuate only the pointed Gothic; but here again the Italian scholars prevailed.

Thus our printed word is the expression of a debt. Our debt is to Greece first of all, as ever; then to Cumæ of the Sybil and practical, business-like Rome; then part of our gratitude goes to Charles the Great, and another share to the Italians of the Renaissance. They have left us a beautiful heritage of which we may well be proud and glad.

CHARLES UPSON CLARK.

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LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, HENRY JAMES, AND FRANK B. SANBORN

[A dinner was given in New York on March 2d to celebrate the seventy-fifth birthday of William Dean Howells. The interesting recollections which are published herewith constituted a part of the proceedings.—THE EDITOR.]

BY MR. HOWELLS

SOME fifty-two years ago, come next summer, I sat with the great Hawthorne on the hill behind his house in Concord and heard him say several memorable things. The most memorable of these things was to the effect that there was nothing like recognition to make a man modest. At the time I supposed he was speaking of one of his neighbors, perhaps Thoreau, perhaps Alcott, who had not had recognition enough to make him modest. It has since occurred to me that he had the actual occasion in mind and was, with a subtle prescience, insinuating the kindly hope that I might profit by the insurpassable inducement to shrink into the background which has been given me here to-night. This, in fact, is what I propose to do when I have made you believe that I really mean it in putting away the crowns you have offered me on this little Lupercal of mine. I can do this the more easily when I remember that the occasion was no more the effect of my wishing than of my deserving, but was created solely by that genius for hospitality in our host which bends all wills to it when it frees itself in the notion of a seventy-fifth birthday dinner or the like. I can do it still more easily, if possible, when I recall myself to consciousness of the fact that whatever else has brought you here, you are glad and proud to be here supremely because the occasion is honored by the Nation in the presence of the man who honors the high office of Washington and Lincoln.

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If you ask me for some further conjecture of mine as to why our host and his chief guest should have united on this occasion so apparently, so evidently inadequate, I will urge in their defense that I do not come seventy-five years of age every day, and that if I should prove altogether unworthy of their kindness the occasion will not repeat itself though I should live to be a hundred. Except as a condition of being still alive, I would not have chosen to have a seventy-fifth birthday. It is something that both practice and precept would have forbidden me. I have never had a seventy-fifth birthday before in my life and I am keenly aware that in now venturing upon one I am transcending the psalmist's limit of threescore years and ten. Yet, with all this, I will not deny that there is some merit in having lived seventy-five years, though there is not so much merit as the man who has done it is apt to think. The very experience of life which has enlightened him on most points rather darkens him on this one and he comes to believe that somehow he has done the things he has witnessed, or, if he has not done them, that they have been done because of him. I should like you to keep this amiable peculiarity of our race in view when I say what great things of our literature I have known and what great things I hope of it.

To the backward glance the light of the past seems one great glow, but it is in fact a group of stellar fires; fixed stars not unaccompanied by wandering comets, not without the gaiety of aimless meteors. Perhaps it is as some incandescent mass that the future will behold this present when it has become the past, and we who sit here to-night shall appear one great glow without distinction of age or sex or any qualitative difference in our several glory. But we who sit here to-night are keenly aware of distinctions and of differences. Such of us as are the fixed stars know very well which are the wandering comets and which are the aimless meteors kindling only in their passage through our atmosphere. It has been so in every period; and if I say that I knew at first hand the luminaries of a bygone period it is not merely to attribute their greatness to my acquaintance with them, but it is also to affirm their consciousness of difference from one another. They differed as the stars differ in glory and always will, though the stars may not know it as those great men did. The list of them is very long, and I may say that if I missed the personal acquaintance of Cooper and

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Irving and Poe and Prescott I was personally acquainted with all the others in whom the story of American literature sums itself. I knew Hawthorne and Emerson and Walt Whitman; I knew Longfellow and Holmes and Whittier and Lowell; I knew Bryant and Bancroft and Motley; I knew Harriet Beecher Stowe and Julia Ward Howe; I knew Artemus Ward and Stockton and Mark Twain; I knew Parkman and Fiske. Names refulgent still, however the fire, never to be relumed, seems beginning to die out of some of them; names such as we have hardly the like of.

Hardly the like of? I say this, but I say it askingly and at the worst wistfully in fear of your response to a question which I should myself answer courageously rather than categorically. I should not want to be damped by your doubt or to have my ever-youthful faith dashed by your experience, and so before you can get in a word I make haste to declare, Yes, we have many like them, but of no more identity with them than they felt with one another. As far as they were truly great they must have perceived that they were not so great as they had grown to seem and each must have perceived even more clearly that the others were not so great. But it is not this point that I care to insist upon; it is another; it is that difference in the present from the past which I think is inevitable from what seems the new conditioning of our lives. All of human life has turned more and more to the light of democracy, the light of equality, if you please. Literature, which was once of the cloister, the school, has become more and more of the forum and incidentally of the market-place. But it is actuated now by as high and noble motives as ever it was in the history of the world; and I think that in turning from the vain endeavor of creating beauty and devoting itself to the effort of ascertaining life it is actuated by a clearer motive than before. If we have no single name so sovereign as these names I have cited, we have many talents which do things impossible to the geniuses who wore these names on earth. Let us love them, let us honor them; we cannot worship them too much, but let us remember their limitations and consider the potentiality of the artists who now are and are to be. Let us recognize the fact that in the present vast output of literature the pure gold is not less in quantity because the mass of dirt and dross is so immeasurably greater than in the days of another sort of

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mining. I myself believe there is gold greater in quantity and that possibly in a critical analysis the report of the assayer will declare as high a percentage of the genuine metal. I am not dismayed by the numbers who have taken to literature in these days and found a living in it. At first it seems a little odd, a little droll to have a publisher announce a novel as "by a new writer"; but when there are so many new readers, why should not the new writers have their innings? The old ones have had theirs and even the old readers do not want them always. Ought not we old writers, who are confronting a new life elsewhere at such close range, try to be in love with the new literature here? I myself am going to cultivate an affection for it from this on.

The great men I have named could not do just the fine things, the brave things, the true things that are done now by the men I will not name lest I miss some in the long count. In my time I have seen a whole literature grow up and flourish into national proportions. Nearly all the writers I have been naming were New-Englanders, but now our writers are of every sectional origin and constitute an American authorship. They are of the West and the South, as well as of the North and East, and more and more their work tastes of the soil that mothered them. Once we had a New England literature, now we have an American literature, and Indianapolis is, as Boston was, a city in which books are held dear and the art of them is prized above any other. The poets, the best of them, are of or from the West; our ablest living historian is a Western man; our students of the human mind in the past and the human soul in the present—a very stellar group—are of the East; but our novelists and our novelettists are from every part of the country; and each is devoted wittingly or unwittingly to the representation of the America that he knows best because he has lived it most.

A literature as authentic and distinctive as our journalism has grown up in the years since the Civil War; my years, which must seem almost antediluvian to some of you here, and with this literature as truly as with our commerce and our finance the American consciousness has increased. We makers of that literature may not always realize it, and the readers of that literature very seldom knew it, but the fact remains; and its genesis may be intel-

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ligibly traced, I think. We began our national career by having no literature of our own; our reading, except in the very noble political writing of the fathers, came from England; and then, as the rift between the two countries deepened and widened, it began to come from the European continent. When I commenced author it was yet coming very little from that continent. We still prayed at the old shrines; and our knees knocked together at the names of the awful gods of English criticism who scarcely even deigned an open contempt for our poor little offerings. Gradually the light which showed us the way dawned upon us, and it dawned from the countenance of that most generous of the nations, from France, from the face of her who befriended us in our struggle to be an independent people; from France whose schools no less of literature than of art and science are freely open to any in the whole world who will learn. Some of you may not know this, but I know it, for I am of the generation that lived it and I would fain help to have it remembered that we studied from the French masters, the continental masters, to imitate nature, and gave American fiction the bent which it still keeps wherever it is vital. You may not know it, or, if you know it, you may not own it, but this is the fact, and though a flood of unreality followed us and swept us under, when that deluge went down there all over the land the seed that we had planted, behold! it had sprouted and stood—

"Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil."

I would have you all, whatever esthetic thinking or feeling you are of, look about you and see whether every plant now bearing good and nourishing fruit is not of that growth.

There are many kinds of art, but there is only one best kind; and while every one ought to be freely suffered and cordially welcomed to do the thing he most likes to do, none of us should forget that there is only one best thing. Look about you, I say, not only in America, but in England, and you will see that what I say is true, for the English, too, have come to the right faith in their latest and greatest work. But we came to this faith first because we had opener minds than the English and because we brought a willingness to learn of those masters who could teach, because we also were somehow instinctively continental. Since then a world of continental art has offered itself to us. Master-

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pieces have come to us from everywhere—from Norway, from Russia, from Poland, from Spain, from Italy, from Portugal—and I know no higher joy than to recognize that our best work is a response in form and spirit to that best kind which these masterpieces exemplify. Our fiction so far as it really exists is of the European and not the English make, and the newer English fiction, so far as it really exists, is not of the English, but of the European make, the American make.

If I come now to speak of poetry, I own there are no sources so sweet and pure as the English sources. But I do not willingly yield the primacy in poetry to the English poets contemporary with the American poets I knew. Longfellow and Bryant and Emerson and Whittier and Lowell and Holmes—

"Touched the tender stops of various quills"

to as beautiful effect of truth as the English poets of their time and, perhaps, in even wider range. But they belonged to an idealistic period when men dreamed of human perfectibility through one mighty reform. Their dream was that if the slaves were freed there could hardly be sorrow on the earth which our good-will could not easily assuage. Now long ago the slaves were freed, but through the rift of the poets' broken dream the faces of underwaged women and overworked children stare at us; and it does not seem as if it were a sufficient change that now those faces are white and not black. Has the real frightened the ideal from us? Is poetry so essentially of the ideal that it must go into exile with it? Or is it that our poetry is not equal to the claim which humanity has upon America beyond all other lands and shrinks from a duty which should be her solemn joy? They who dreamed that beautiful dream in other days were each at some moment realists in their lives as they were idealists in their art. Each according to his gift laid his offering on the altar of freedom; but has each of our later poets, according to his gift, laid his offering on the altar of justice? For equality, which is justice "writ large," is now the hope of humanity and its service is the condition which has effected itself even in the mystical sources where the inspirations of art have their rise. Yet I am ready, almost ready, to say that as much good poetry is written in this time as in the time that is past; but it is

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not the poetry of the few, it is the poetry of the many. We no longer have supremacies, we no longer have primacies; the gods, the half-gods, the heroes are gone, I hope not to return; and it is the high average which reigns in this as in all American things. Amidst the misgivings of our poetry we may console ourselves with the fact that the average in it is higher than ever before.

This I truly believe, though I could not allege the proofs as easily as I could allege those of our national advance in the art of the stage. Not less wonderful to me than the growth of the American novel in the fifty years which have now passed like a vision of the night is the growth of the American play. Scarcely less astonishing is that mood of ours, for it is only a mood, to which this fact is not apparent. I had greatly admired the modern English drama with hardly a question of its superiority to ours, but last summer, when I was expressing my high sense of it to an Englishman in London, he said, "Yes, but you know you are doing much better things at home," and, though he gave me no instances, he set me thinking, and I thought I perceived that in their very difference from the English things which I had so admired there was that which at least equaled our things with theirs. I thought I saw that while the English dramatists painted manners so wonderfully well, ours painted nature, our every-day American nature, which at the bottom of its heart is always human nature. If they did not paint manners so well it was perhaps because we had none to paint, or perhaps because our customs, which we make do for manners, change so rapidly from day to day, from Boston to Pittsburg, from to-morrow to the day after, and from Pittsburg to Oklahoma, that the kinematograph alone can catch them. Besides, our drama is still very new. Before the great Civil War which fertilized the fields of thought among us, as well as the fields of battle with the blood of its sacrifice, we had no drama which was essentially American except the wretched stage travesty of that most essentially American novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. But now already we have a drama which has touched our life at many characteristic points, which has dealt with our moral and material problems and penetrated the psychological regions which it seemed impossible an art so objective should reach. Mainly it has been gay as our prevalent mood is; mainly it has been

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honest as our habit is in cases where we believe we can afford it; mainly it has been decent and clean and sweet as our average life is; and now that Ibsen no longer writes new plays, I would rather take my chance of pleasure and profit with a new American play than with any other sort of new play. We are still waiting our Shakespeare, but we can very well wait patiently for him; perhaps one Shakespeare is enough for all time; and in the mean while we may console ourselves in the drama as in poetry with that high or higher average which is the distinctive American thing.

It is this which most consoles me for our bereavement in a region where it seems irreparable. In that American humor which within the half-century of my observation developed itself in such proportion as almost to dwarf any other growth of our air, there was one humorist who when he died might well have given us the sense of Shakespearian loss, though we are not yet aware of a Shakespearian gain. But the soul of Mark Twain which divined and uttered the inmost and most immanent American mood has passed again so lastingly into the American consciousness that it will remain the inspiration of that high or higher average in humor which once again is the distinctively American thing. It will take many forms and offer many aspects to our glad recognition. But hereafter that high or higher average of our humor must always be generous and magnanimous; in its broadest clowning, its wildest grotesquery, it can never forget to be kind, to be kind to the whole world that the touch of nature makes kin, but especially kind to those that the world and the world's law seem to have kept strangers to the rest of the family.

If I had been witness to no other surpassing things of American growth in my fifty years of observation, I should think it glory enough to have lived in the same time and in the same land with the man whose name must always embody American humor to human remembrance. What has been my own influence on that time, in that land, I should like so much to say, so much to say! But the theme is too vast, if not for my powers, then for your patience. Regretfully, very sorrowfully, I turn from the alluring opportunity. I shall never be just seventy-five years old again, and the ripe occasion must go rot in those bins of oblivion where so much occasion has failed of even the sad immortality of cold storage. Yet, in the midst of my

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self-denial, in my poignant regret for having said so little about myself in my survey of things, "all which I was and part of which I saw," if I may so construe the Latin, I am very truly grateful for the lenient things that have been said of me here already and for those which I cannot help hoping some of you are still going to say of me. I must spend the rest of my days trying to puzzle out the reason of these things, unless I lay it at once to your compassion for a man who is seventy-five years old and still lives. But in venturing to live on I have the hope of returning those things in kind, for I understand that it is the purpose of our host to give you each a birthday dinner as fast as you become seventy-five years old, and that his most honored guest, still typifying the Nation at its best, will come to them all.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

BY MR. JAMES

A LETTER TO MR. HOWELLS

IT is made known to me that they are soon to feast in New York the newest and freshest of the splendid birthdays to which you keep treating us, and that your many friends will meet round you to rejoice in it and reaffirm their allegiance. I shall not be there, to my sorrow; and, though this is inevitable, I yet want to be missed, peculiarly and monstrously missed, so that these words shall be a public apology for my absence: read by you, if you like and can stand it, but, better still, read *to* you and, in fact, straight *at* you by whoever will be so kind and so loud and so distinct. For I doubt, you see, whether any of your toasters and acclaimers have anything like my ground and title for being with you at such an hour. There can scarce be one, I think, to-day who has known you from so far back, who has kept so close to you for so long, and who has such fine old reasons—so old, yet so well preserved—to feel your virtue and sound your praise. My debt to you began well-nigh half a century ago in the most personal way possible, and then kept growing and growing with your own admirable growth—but always rooted in the early intimate benefit. This benefit was that you held out your open editorial hand to me at the time I began to write—and I allude especially to the summer of 1866—with a frankness and sweetness of hospitality that was really the making of me, the making

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of the confidence that required help and sympathy and that I should otherwise, I think, have strayed and stumbled about a long time without acquiring. You showed me the way and opened me the door; you wrote to me and confessed yourself struck with me—I have never forgotten the beautiful thrill of *that*. You published me at once—and paid me, above all, with a dazzling promptitude; magnificently, I felt, and so that nothing since has ever quite come up to it. More than this even, you cheered me on with a sympathy that was in itself an inspiration. I mean that you talked to me and listened to me—ever so patiently and genially and suggestively conversed and consorted with me. This won me to you irresistibly and made you the most interesting person I knew—lost as I was in the charming sense that my best friend was an editor, and an almost insatiable editor, and that such a delicious being as that was a kind of property of my own. Yet how didn't that interest still quicken and spread when I became aware that—with such attention as you could spare from us, for I recognized my fellow-beneficiaries—you had started to cultivate *your* great garden as well; the tract of virgin soil that, beginning as a cluster of bright, fresh, sunny, and savory patches close about the house, as it were, was to become that vast goodly pleasaunce of art and observation, of appreciation and creation, in which you have labored, without a break or a lapse, to this day, and in which you have grown so grand a show of—well, really of everything. Your liberal visits to *my* plot and your free-handed purchases there were still greater events when I began to see you handle yourself with such ease the key to our rich and inexhaustible mystery. Then the question of what you would make of your own powers began to be even more interesting than the question of what you would make of mine—all the more, I confess, as you had ended by settling this one so happily. My confidence in myself, which you had so helped me to, gave way to a fascinated impression of your own spread and growth, for you broke out so insistently and variously that it was a charm to watch and an excitement to follow you. The only drawback that I remember suffering from was that *I*, your original debtor, couldn't print or publish or pay you—which would have been a sort of ideal of *re*payment and of enhanced credit; you could take care of yourself so beautifully, and I could (unless by some occasional happy chance

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or rare favor) scarce so much as glance at your proofs or have a glimpse of your "endings." I could only read you, full-blown and finished, always so beautifully finished—and see, with the rest of the world, how you were doing it again and again.

That, then, was what I had with time to settle down to—the common attitude of seeing you do it again and again; keep on doing it, with your heroic consistency and your noble, genial abundance, during all the years that have seen so many apparitions come and go, so many vain flourishes attempted and achieved, so many little fortunes made and unmade, so many weaker inspirations betrayed and spent. Having myself to practise meaner economies, I have admired from period to period your so ample and liberal flow; wondered at your secret for doing positively a little—what do I say, a little? I mean a magnificent deal!—of Everything. I seem to myself to have faltered and languished, to have missed more occasions than I have grasped, while you have piled up your monument just by remaining at your post. For you have had the advantage, after all, of breathing an air that has suited and nourished you; of sitting up to your neck, as I may say—or at least up to your waist—amid the sources of your inspiration. There and so you were at your post; there and so the spell could ever work for you, there and so your relation to all your material grow closer and stronger, your perception penetrate, your authority accumulate. They make a great array, a literature in themselves, your studies of American life so acute, so direct, so disinterested, so preoccupied but with the fine truth of the case; and the more attaching to me always for their referring themselves to a time and an order when we knew together what American life *was*—or thought we did, deluded though we may have been! I don't pretend to measure the effect or to sound the depths, if they be not the shallows, of the huge wholesale importations and so-called assimilations of this later time; I only feel and speak for those conditions in which, as "quiet observers," as careful painters, as sincere artists, we could still in our native, our human and social element, know more or less where we were and feel more or less what we had hold of. You knew and felt these things better than I; you had learned them earlier and more intimately, and it was impossible, I think, to be in more instinctive and more informed possession of

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the general truth of your subject than you happily found yourself. The *real* affair of the American case and character, as it met your view and brushed your sensibility, that was what inspired and attached you, and, heedless of foolish flurries from other quarters, of all wild or weak slashings of the air and wavings in the void, you gave yourself to it with an incorruptible faith. You saw your field with a rare lucidity: you saw all it had to give in the way of the romance of the real and the interest and the thrill and the charm of the common, as one may put it; the character and the comedy, the point, the pathos, the tragedy, the particular home-grown humanity under your eyes and your hand and with which the life all about you was closely interknitted. Your hand reached out to these things with a fondness that was in itself a literary gift and played with them as the artist only and always can play: freely, quaintly, incalculably, with all the assurance of his fancy and his irony, and yet with that fine taste for the truth and the pity and the meaning of the matter which keeps the temper of observation both sharp and sweet. To observe by such an instinct and by such reflection is to find work to one's hands and a challenge in every bush; and as the familiar American scene thus bristled about you, so year by year your vision more and more justly responded and swarmed. You put forth *A Modern Instance,* and *The Rise of Silas Lapham,* and *A Hazard of New Fortunes,* and *The Landlord at Lion's Head,* and *The Kentons* (that perfectly classic illustration of your spirit and your form) after having put forth in perhaps lighter-fingered prelude *A Foregone Conclusion,* and *The Undiscovered Country,* and *The Lady of the Aroostook,* and *The Minister's Charge*—to make of a long list too short a one; with the effect again and again of a feeling for the human relation, as the social climate of our country qualifies, intensifies, generally conditions and colors it, which, married in perfect felicity to the expression you found for its service, constituted the originality that we want to fasten upon you as with silver nails to-night. Stroke by stroke and book by book your work was to become for this exquisite notation of our whole democratic light and shade and give and take in the highest degree *documentary,* so that none other, through all your fine long season, could approach it in value and amplitude. None, let me say, too, was to approach it in essential distinction; for you had grown master,

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by insidious practices best known to yourself, of a method so easy and so natural, so marked with the personal element of your humor and the play, not less personal, of your sympathy, that the critic kept coming on its secret connection with the grace of letters much as Fenimore Cooper's Leatherstocking — so knowing to be able to do it! — comes in the forest on the subtle tracks of Indian braves. However, these things take us far, and what I wished mainly to put on record is my sense of that unfailing, testifying truth in you which will keep you from ever being neglected. The critical intelligence—if any such fitful and discredited light may still be conceived as within our sphere—has not at all begun to render you its tribute. The more inquiringly and perceivingly it shall still be projected upon the American life we used to know, the more it shall be moved by the analytic and historic spirit, the more indispensable, the more a vessel of light, will you be found. It's a great thing to have used one's genius and done one's work with such quiet and robust consistency that they fall by their own weight into that happy service. You may remember perhaps, and I like to recall, how the great and admirable Taine, in one of the fine excursions of his French curiosity, greeted you as a precious painter and a sovereign witness. But his appreciation, I want you to believe with me, will yet be carried much further, and then — though you may have argued yourself happy, in your generous way and with your incurable optimism, even while noting yourself not understood—your really beautiful time will come. Nothing so much as feeling that he may himself perhaps help a little to bring it on can give pleasure to yours all faithfully,

HENRY JAMES.

BY MR. SANBORN

A LETTER TO THE CHAIRMAN

CONSISTENTLY with other engagements, I find I cannot be present on the 2d proximo at the banquet in honor of that younger brother of the literary guild whom Mr. Trowbridge and myself, with a few others here in New England, take the liberty of seniority in years to entitle Mr. Howells. He has surpassed us all now living in the popularity, the variety, and the geniality of his books; which are so many that he must shudder a little himself at the long list of them,

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and thank Apollo and the Muses if he has not repeated himself in some of them. Had he done so, he would not have offended his myriad of readers, who would only have recognized in that either the emphasis of a missionary of righteousness or the familiar voice of a constant friend.

My own memory of Howells as a poet goes back to the date before the Civil War when our Virginian friend, the late Moncure Conway, was also an Ohio man and had mounted on a sunny Cincinnati wall his ephemeral *Dial,* to which I think Howells, and certainly myself, contributed verses. When Conway returned to Concord (where he had passed agreeable weeks in his college vacations) and took charge of a Boston weekly, half political and half literary, in which I soon succeeded him as editor, he brought with him pleasant memories of the poet-editor in the Western Reserve (which as a spiritual quality Howells did not share), and also admired the stanchness of his free opinions, which had led him to commemorate that hero of the Reserve who had so lately died in Virginia for his Jeffersonian principles. Consequently, Conway printed some of the youthful verses of the Ashtabula poet in that first column of the *Commonwealth,* in which afterward appeared so much of the poetry of the Concord authors—of Alcott, Louisa Alcott, Emerson, Channing, Thoreau, Wasson, Edwin Morton, Daniel Ricketson, and the undersigned.

The first poem of Howells, I remember, was called "Drifting" (December, 1862) and portrayed the emotions with which a youth, going forth upon the voyage of life in a boat of his own (like our ancestor in the Ark), felt himself drifting away from all the old anchorages and landmarks by which he had sailed and moored in the long years of youth. So pathetically did he describe this forlorn automatic sailing that one of our feminine poets replied to him in the *Commonwealth,* consoling and encouraging him to go forward and "paddle his own canoe" (in our beautiful Yankee dialect); so that the tears which had fallen into some distant Ohio canal must have been dried by the muslin kerchief of womanly sympathy. Such is the true function of feminine poets from Sappho and Corinna to Madame d'Houdetot and Madame Maeterlinck; and doubtless our grav-haired novelist has many times received the same consolation in the half-century since intervening. And he has so well managed to avoid *drifting* that

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he has marshaled a fleet of forty or fifty sail in the deep Mediterranean waters of romance and adventure and handled them so magnificently that he can now bring them either into action or into port, as did Commodore Perry among the Lake Erie islands of his Ohio Mediterranean.

Meantime the administration of President Lincoln, following the good old-fashioned rule by which Irving was commissioned to Spain, John Howard Payne to Tunis, and Hawthorne to Liverpool, made Mr. Howells consul at Venice; from which city, in 1863, he sent me for the *Commonwealth* some verses for our "Poet's Column." At about the same time I was printing in the same weekly the famous verses of Thoreau on "Inspiration," Miss Alcott's first widely read book, *Hospital Sketches,* Bronson Alcott's rural verses, and some poems of Louisa; thus placing Howells where he naturally belonged, among the votaries of plain living and high thinking who had chosen rural Concord for their abode. Then we had his charming sketches of Venetian life, and soon, from his Massachusetts workshop, those delicious pictures of New England life and character which in due time expanded into novels and parlor dramas, and missionary sallies into social and domestic situations; which make him the Moralist *par excellence* of American society, whether in this country or abroad.

Great as his altruistic service has been in this long-pursued line of authorship, I am inclined to think Mr. Howells shines most and merits the warmest gratitude as editor of magazines and extant authors. By these I mean those indispensable small volumes by gifted writers which are destined to outlive their longer works and carry their wisdom and wit down among the mass of mankind long after the large books which gave them fame have been remanded to back rows and high shelves in libraries. Such are the autobiographies of Gibbon, of Lord Herbert, of Thomas Elwood, the invaluable Quaker, of Alfieri, and the Margravine of Baireuth. It was in editing other poets, and sketching briefly the lives of famous men, that Dr. Johnson won his most lasting fame until Boswell made him immortal by tale-bearing and listening to his conversation. Something of the same editorial merit attaches to Mr. Howells. But I speak more especially of his mildness and generosity as editor toward unwonted or unmanageable contributors. I saw him show much of this virtue as editor of the *Atlantic*

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Monthly—a difficult post in which he succeeded the rather indolent and opinionated poet Lowell, who, with all his genius and learning, was not a model magazine editor; and the publisher Fields, who had much greater success in that function. I believe it was under the reign of Mr. Howells that I became a rather infrequent contributor to the *Atlantic*—for which every literary person in Massachusetts was expected to have written something. From the aroma of the graces of Howells I think the *Atlantic* became more widely known than before or since; but there are anecdotes that testify to the ease with which it could be ignored, especially in foreign countries, where American authors were not always so popular as Mr. Howells and others have since made them.

Two enthusiastic young maidens, as I have heard the story, from Boston or its suburbs, were at an English watering-place, where two agreeable English gentlewomen, sisters, were also spending some weeks. The two pairs became intimate and attached to each other. One day one of the American sisters came in, flushed and joyful, crying: "Susy, the *Aldriches* are here! The *Aldriches* are in town!" "And who are the Aldriches, dear?" said one of the English sisters. "Why, Mr. Aldrich is one of our best American poets; he writes novels, too, and he is most agreeable into the bargain." No response from the audience. Grasping round in her mind for some hook or jutting point to which the English sister's interest might fasten itself, Miss X. said, "Why, Mr. Aldrich has been for years the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*." With a smile of satisfied conscience and relieved anxiety, the Englishwoman said to her sister, "I suppose, Mary dear, that's the reason why we never heard of him."

Editing, as Lord Napier said of diplomacy, is apt to be "a silent art"; but Howells made himself much heard of in that capacity. Of late he seems to be more distinguished as a traveler or non-resident, for every time his early friends hear of him he is in a new place just going or just returning from somewhere. It cannot be the restlessness of satisfied ambition; it must be rather the glorious pursuit of knowledge which Tennyson's Ulysses manifested:

> "For all experience is an arch whereto
> Gleams that untraveled world, whose margin fades
> Forever and forever when I move;

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> And this gray spirit yearning in desire
> To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
> Beyond the utmost bound of human thought."

It is a noble fallacy, if fallacy it be. When I last saw him he was dwelling at ease in Kittery-by-the-Sea, where my ancestors used to fish for cod while his were feeding sheep on the mountains of Wales if all tales be true. I thought then—

> "Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
> Upon the beachèd verge of the salt flood,
> Which once a day, with his embossèd froth,
> The turbulent surge shall cover."

But I would invite him to a milder retreat. Let him build anew beside the lonely brink of Walden Pond, where storms are seen but never felt; and where in summer days there is the greenest water, the bluest sky, and the memory of illustrious virtues. At our time of life, as Prospero said, every third thought should be our grave, and the final wish is appropriate—

> "Quiet consummation have,
> And renownèd be thy grave!"

Concord is the place for renowned graves; and there is room in my hillside grave-plot beside brother authors already buried there for his funeral coming from the wooded shore of Walden, and mine from the green bank of Concord River, in some day that cannot be far distant.

Till then honor and praise, well-deserved and peacefully enjoyed, be the lot of William Howells!

F. B. Sanborn.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE FRENCH IDEAL. By MADAME DUCLAUX. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1911.

THIS charming book has a far-fetched and unrelated title, for it contains four biographical studies of men certainly not of essentially Gallic temperament. Although so different in themselves, both Pascal, the subject of the first study, and Fénelon, the subject of the second, fall into the category of mystics. Mysticism, a few rare exceptions to the contrary, is not a Gallic turn of mind. Given the title, however, the book is as delightful a volume of literary studies as we have recently seen.

Madame Duclaux, the author, was born A. Mary F. Robinson, both a daughter and sister of writers, and apparently she came into the world a woman of letters. There are women like George Eliot, George Sand, Hortense de Meritens who are born men of letters, but Mary Robinson was not of these. Reared in a literary atmosphere, she published her first volume, *A Handful of Honeysuckle,* while still a girl in her teens. In 1883 she published *The New Arcadia* and dedicated it to Vernon Lee. It showed the struggle going on in the young girl's soul to enter the arena of life; to understand somewhat of its terror and pity and take an active part.

One remembers her in these famous early eighties, when there was so much genius about that one never knew when it might crop out—a radiantly lovely, dark-eyed young creature in very esthetic garments and always with wreaths of real and, it must be confessed, very faded flowers in her hair. Her young attempt to cope with life at first hand was a failure and she soon learned to emphasize her rare and beautiful self and to fill her natural sphere as a woman of letters, a most graceful writer of wistful verse, a distinguished essayist and critic, the charming wife of James Darmsteter, the well-known Orientalist, and later of M. Duclaux, director of the Pasteur Institute. Over and above her many volumes of verse, Madame Duclaux has written in English a life of Emily Brontë and in French lives of Renan, Froissart, La Reine de Navarre, and others. She is a constant contributor in French to the various Parisian reviews and her native language has gained thereby the distinction of a somewhat frail and exotic growth, while it has lost the vigor and idiomatic strength of a writer firmly grounded in the native soil.

The first and most important study in the book is that of Pascal the pragmatist. It was a study which appeared in July, 1911, in the *Edinburgh Review.* There have been since 1908 at least a dozen fine studies of Pascal; his relations to his family, as in Petitot's *Pascal, Sa Vie Religieuse,* and personal studies of import, such as Maurice Barrès's

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L'Angoisse de Pascal, Just-Navarre's *La Maladie de Pascal,* and various others.

Madame Duclaux does justice both to the character of this great scientific religionist and to the beauty and exactitude of his style—a style which doubtless shall do more than anything else to make his immortality. The abundance and importance of dissociated elements in Pascal's character make him an intricate subject for study. "His state of mind," says Madame Duclaux, "was never at any given moment the sole and stable result of all his moral life; it was the image of one face in a many-imaged soul." His freakishness, his love of paradox, subterfuge, and disguise, his interest in scientific experiment, his amazing mathematical genius, his religious dogmatism, his *amor dominandi* and *libido excellendi,* all these warring in the soul of one man make him at once a subtle and entrancing study. He was not an original thinker.

"What he thought he might require
'E went and took."

But like the Christ-child in the Apochryphal story, who picked up the clay birds the other children were making and breathed the breath of life into them, so Pascal clothed with immortal form the crude thought of other men. His single experience of mystic ecstasy, jotted down on a bit of paper which he wore to the end of his days in a locket on his neck, is uttered in broken, almost sobbing words:

"From about half after ten to about half after midnight in the evening:
Fire!
God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob, not of the philosophers and savants.
Certitude, certitude, feeling, sight, joy, peace!
Forgetfulness of the world and of all things outside of God.
Grandeur of the human soul!
Just Father, the world has not known you, but I have known you.
Joy! Joy! Joy! Tears of Joy!

"I have been apart.
May I not be separated forever.
Total and sweet renunciation.
Total submission to Christ and my director.
Eternal joy for a day of temptation on earth.
Non oblivascar sermones tuos. Amen."

However haltingly expressed, this is an account of the great mystic experience. Pascal died, very lonely, in great, self-imposed discomfort, and to the end that one swift interval of vision remained to him the great solace and reason for life.

The study of Fénelon is only second in importance to that of Pascal. Fénelon was not only a great mystic, but he was what does not always go hand in hand with that temperament—a man of extremely fastidious morality. He was one of those to whom the vast and dark unknown that stretches about the little island of life is more present than the small shining reality of this world. In a letter to that unpleasant creature, Madame Guyon, he gives the stages of his spiritual growth: first, recol-

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lection and simple prayer; second, passive faith; third, naked faith, stripped of all images, sensations, and perceptions. God is no longer perceptible to reason or feeling; fourth, death, the soul like a dead body, insensible to all things; fifth, resurrection, the stirring of life in the dead soul; sixth, the transfiguration, the soul transformed because the will of God takes the place of the separate will and life. Of the soul's dark night Fénelon has given a wonderful account, and in that long exile of his at Cambrai doubtless the last spark of self expired.

The studies contained in this volume of Buffon, the naturalist in his garden, and of Lamartine, the romantic with his poetic passion for Julie Charles, are much lighter matter than the first two studies. They have, however, the same grave distinction of style, the same conscientious precision. This is a volume of essays at once grave and gay, deep and light, readable and of permanent value.

A Personal Record. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1912.

"As a general rule," writes the author in his friendly preface, "we do not want much encouragement to talk about ourselves." But that, of course, depends upon whom we are. Joseph Conrad, for example, is a man of the least subjective temperament in the world. He needs every kind of prodding to persuade him to talk of himself and this *Personal Record* is as impersonal as such a thing can possibly be. Unlike M. Anatole France, who assures us that he never writes of anything but himself, his own adventures in the field of thought, Joseph Conrad, as great a master of style in his own kind as the other, writes of everything he sees and hears, but most casually and incidentally of himself. Even in this book of *personalia*, he appears as a mere chance and random observer of cosmic affairs.

The subject which evidently he treats as larger and more significant, his art, recurs constantly. He writes:

"I have tried with an almost filial regard to render the vibration of life in the great world of waters, in the hearts of the simple men who have for ages traversed its solitudes, and also that something sentient which seems to dwell in ships—the creatures of their hands and the objects of their care."

He tells us of the sea until one comes to know how winds and waves, the lights and darkness of it and the methodical, professional response to its demands have entered into his blood and become the really more articulate part of his nature. He tells us of a friend who once kindly suggested to him, "You might tell me something of your life." But Conrad adds, "I do not think I told him much of my life-story then or later." No, Mr. Conrad's life-story is shut in his own bosom and never will it be revealed except by indirection.

Two things emerge from this wonderfully written record: first, that, born an inlander (in the Ukraine in 1857), he demanded at the age of fifteen to become a seaman and secretly he had adopted a foreign fatherland, for he had determined to be an English seaman. This in itself bespeaks the extraordinary mortal by its strange and imaginative power of initiative. How the author afterward became a great master of Eng-

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lish prose is merely indicated. He saw Almayer and took a brooding interest in the man's strange psychology. He began to write about him and here and there, line by line, on his travels and in his vacations the story of *Almayer's Folly* took form.

In the *Personal Record* are all the flaws as well as all the splendors and wonders of Conrad's writing. He leads us hither and yon, from his middle-aged life at sea back to his early boyhood; he lingers over old memories and traditions of his ancestral home and describes several generations of his family. And here and there in the woof of the story are those haunting bits of vision, those glowing and gorgeously colored bits that give the distinctive quality to his work—echoes of the sea, the wind's ways, hints of an almost religious literary creed. He says:

"The power of sound has always been greater than the power of sense. I do not say this by way of disparagement. It is better for mankind to be impressionable than reflective. Nothing humanely great—great, I mean, as effecting a whole mass of lives—has come by reflection. On the other hand, you cannot fail to see the power of mere words; such words as glory, for instance, or pity."

This is the utterance of the literary artist. Of the creative artist we may get some idea when he describes an interruption in his study:

"All I know is that for twenty months, neglecting the common joys that fall to the lot of the humblest on this earth, I had, like the prophet of old, 'wrestled with the Lord' for my creation, for the headlands of the coast, for the darkness of the placid gulf, the light on the snows, the clouds in the sky, and for the breath of life that had to be blown into the shapes of men and women, of Latin and Saxon, of Jew and Gentile. These are perhaps strong words, but it is difficult to characterize otherwise the intimacy and the strain of a creative effort in which mind and will and conscience are engaged to the full, hour after hour, day after day, away from the world and all that makes life really lovable and gentle —something for which a material parallel can only be found in the everlasting somber stress of the westward winter passage round Cape Horn. For that, too, is the wrestling of men with the might of their Creator, in a great isolation from the world, without the amenities and consolations of life, a lonely struggle under a sense of overmatched littleness for no reward that could be adequate, but for the mere winning of a longitude."

Whoever has loved *The Nigger of the Narcissus* and *Lord Jim* will read this *Personal Record* for just what he found in the novels; for the dignity and power of words, for the great free sense of the sweeping cosmic forces, and for the penetrating pity, yet stoic and unyielding, with which the evanescent destinies of man are handled.

THE CENTENARY THACKERAY. Twenty volumes. Illustrated by Harry Furniss, Thackeray, Doyle, Walker, Cruikshank, Leech. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1911.

The new edition of Thackeray's works is well called the Harry Furniss edition. Mr. Furniss is that rare artist, the real illustrator, who not only keeps true to the text, but illuminates it. He has caught the author's spirit so fully that his drawings—and there are more than a hundred of

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them—stand uninjured beside the original illustrations which are included and which through long association seem really essential to Thackeray's pages. Mr. Furniss limits Thackeray's own illustrations to *Vanity Fair, Pendennis, The Virginians,* and the work for *Punch.* He maintains that practically all the other drawings, as for the Christmas books, are so altered in the finishing that Thackeray's part amounts only to an original suggestion. In Mr. Furniss's prefaces to each volume are reproduced many of the original designs, and with these before us and the pictures by Doyle and Walker the discussion of Thackeray as an artist and of his contemporary illustrators is vividly interesting. For all his frankly stated dislikes of this and that, and his disagreement on various points with Mr. Melville, his co-laborer, Mr. Furniss has shown an appreciative respect for the work of his forerunners. He has adopted Richard Doyle's Colonel, without whom the pages of *The Newcomes* would surely lose something of their grace. For *Vanity Fair* he uses Thackeray's idea of the puppets, his pictures carrying always the sense that "all the world's a stage." For the *Rose and the Ring* he ventures but a single drawing, one worthily comic indeed, but placed deferentially aside from Thackeray's delightful portraits of the Court of Paphligonia. For the most part, however, he treats his subjects freely and with fine originality. It is hard to fancy anything more characteristic, to take the pictures that chance first to mind, than the wonderful series of single-figure drawings for *Barry Lyndon.*

Mr. Furniss makes whimsical use of the likeness of the author, after the fashion of Thackeray himself. *The Roundabout Papers* are so illustrated and there are many such designs scattered through the volumes as that in *The Virginians,* where the writer, grim-visaged, looks up from his writing to growl at a pleading maiden, "No doubt, my dear young lady, I am calumniating Harry according to my custom." Another is in *Pendennis.* The author holds a tiny footman, a fine Jeames Yellowplush, upon his outstretched palm. Below is the legend: "Nothing is secret. Take it as a rule that John knows everything."

In this edition are gathered various little volumes of stray papers that have been published within the last few years; early books which have been known in complete form only in the rare first editions; and many papers and drawings that have never before been reprinted. Some of these little known papers will doubtless remain little known. They are of value to the student and to the devout for whom Thackeray's every line is of worth. To the general reader many of the early skits once welcomed to the columns of *Punch* will be quite without interest. The literary criticism will be valueless to him, and the labored humor of such papers as "Miss Tickletoby's Lectures on English History" he will pass by. But there is real charm in much of this 'prentice work, and much holds promise of the power that sprang suddenly forth in *Vanity Fair,* while as documents showing the development of a genius these miscellanies are of immense interest.

The political cartoons and satires will be a surprise to those who have looked on Thackeray's wish to represent Oxford as a curious freak. In truth, the young Thackeray was a violent partisan, with opinions ready on most of the events of the political arena. The heat, the bitterness even, of some of these papers but show again how human was his char-

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acter, how youthful his faults, how easily his pen ran away with him in early days. It was a phase in which he himself took no pride. He never ceased to look askance at his *Book of Snobs*. He apologized in later days for criticisms that seemed witty enough at their writing, and he regretted heartily the reprinting of some of these fragments in the first American edition of his works. The change wrought by the years in his youthful intolerance is perhaps by nothing better evidenced than by his courtesy to the Appleton firm, before whom he was helpless, and the gracious preface with which he set out their edition. Like friends met unexpectedly beneath one roof, one greets many of these minor works. Here are the *Comic Tales and Sketches,* which nobody noticed in their first brown binding, but which are good reading seventy years later. No one cared for the inimitable designs of *Flore et Zephire,* either, and they mark nearly the close of Thackeray's attempt to devote himself to art. Here is the little essay on "English Landscape Artists," written to sell the engravings of his friend Marvy and good to see just because it stands for the myriad kindly deeds that made Thackeray so loved a man.

The bibliographical notes by Mr. Melville prefixed to each volume are clear and full. They form a complete history of Thackeray's work and, indeed, an excellent biography. Or rather, they might were they arranged according to any plan. Twenty large volumes is an appalling amount of literature to stand upon the shelf unnumbered and unindexed and arranged without reference to chronological order. The miscellaneous papers and drawings, mostly of date before 1848, are placed wherever there is room. Early prefaces are separated from the books to which they belong apparently for no other reason than that they have not for some time been printed with them. One suspects there is no better reason for this mingling of early and late, serious and comic, long and short, than the publisher's desire for books of a uniform thickness. To have the complete work of a writer, in the order in which it was produced, is to see the growth of his mind, the perfecting of his art. Mr. Furniss's art has made this a most delightful edition. Mr. Melville's scholarship makes it authoritative. With such skill as this at command, it is more than a pity that no way was found of reducing order out of what seems at times extraordinarily like chaos.

THE MADRAS HOUSE. By GRANVILLE BARKER. New York: Mitchell Kennerley, 1912.

Like all the serious young dramatists of the day, Granville Barker is preoccupied with life and what he puts forth is primarily not art, but propaganda. Thought-inspiring and provocative in the highest degree, one yet resents the young dramatist's giving us a play in which in the opening act six young ladies appear, are all minutely described, and then disappear utterly from the play and are only once referred to in the last scene to point a moral.

Granville Barker retains in this play all his power of pointed and able characterization. He flashes forth a temperament in a phrase with amazing brilliancy. He handles dialogue with consummate grace and is a master of ironic portraiture. But alas! when he has written a play, it is

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philosophy of life, it is propaganda, it is dialogue, it is even conversation and portraiture, but there is no play.

Once more Mr. Barker is concerned in this play with the subject of *Waste*. As in the play of that name, the waste of human life by traditions disturbed him, as in *The Marrying of Anne Leete* the waste of life by decadent manners and morals troubled him, and in *The Voysey Inheritance* the waste of money, here he inveighs against the waste of womanhood. Just what remedy he would suggest it would require a very penetrating critic to discover. He resents the six dull, middle-class, unmarried daughters of Mr. Huxtable. He trusts that though they have not the life more abundant, they may yet have dreams, if they be only of adventures with a new carpet-sweeper. One of the Misses Huxtable orders dinner; two are given to religion, with interests veering from district visiting to foreign missions; Julia studied at an art school and was unhappy, Emma took to common sense and ran to coats and skirts, and the youngest was trying to be a little wild. The tragedy of these common-or-garden lives, in Mr. Barker's opinion, seemed to be that, being minus husbands, they also had no children and by the laws of good society seemed to have missed the more thrilling and zestful experiences of life.

If Act I. is taken up with showing the flaws in such lives as those of the Misses Huxtable, Act II. is devoted to showing how harried a young woman may be who decides to indulge in the liberty of having a child and foregoing a husband. Apparently this young woman has her creator's backing, for life and lives, at all costs, is Mr. Barker's creed, and of the difficulties of a single-handed rearing of a human being he knows and says nothing.

Acts III. and IV. cope with the fine-lady problem. The Madras House is a great commercial institution for clothing fine ladies. This particular house is about to change hands from the Huxtables to an entertaining New England transcendentalist with a keen eye for the main chance. It may be said in passing that rarely has Mr. Barker done anything more brilliantly ironic than this Mr. State, who by profession dresses women's figures in silks and by temperament supplies their charms with phrases. His ability to discuss all subjects, missing the essence of life and gloating over the surfaces, his love of tawdry philosophy, and his instinct for material advantage are delightfully done.

Jessica, the fine lady, is Mr. Barker's *pièce de résistance*. She is "dainty in mind and body, gentle in thought and word, charming, delicate, sensitive, graceful, chaste, credulous of all good, shaming the world's ugliness and strife by the very ease and delightsomeness of her existence; fastidious—fastidious—fastidious." Learning and humor have salted her attractions, art and music and beautiful surroundings have made a setting for her, and yet Mr. Barker is no more satisfied with this *édition de luxe* than with the dull Misses Huxtable and not nearly so satisfied as with the daring Miss Yates who is willing to fight life single-handed. In the main, though it would be difficult to extract a philosophy of life from Granville Barker's speculations, he at least serves the purpose of questioning every aspect of life and of setting one's thoughts agog.

India under Curzon and After. By Lovat Frazer. London: William Heinemann, 1911.

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"To me the message is carved in granite, it is hewn out of the rock of doom—that our work is righteous and that it shall endure." These words were spoken by Lord Curzon at Mansion House in 1904. Who enters upon his work with such conviction, who finally receives the crown he has coveted all his life, is likely to do his work in heroic manner, and there is something heroic in all Lord Curzon's Indian experience and something of the hero-worshiper in Lovat Frazer's attitude as chronicler.

Lovat Frazer was in India during the whole time of Lord Curzon's viceroyalty. He saw him land and depart. Most of that time he was the editor of the *Times of India,* with special facilities for acquiring knowledge. Like Lord Curzon himself, the author has the advantage of acquaintance with other Asiatic countries. He has visited most of the places mentioned in his book and knew personally most of those who figure in his pages. His knowledge of India and of India's affairs preceded Lord Curzon's arrival and continued after his departure. He disclaims, however, Lord Curzon's having any part in the volume either by suggestion or by approval. "He has not seen a line of it," writes the author, "and for any inaccuracies I am alone to blame."

Lord Curzon was, with the exception of Lord Dalhousie, the youngest viceroy ever appointed. He was not yet forty when he received the appointment, and he was one of the few viceroys whose previous experiences and studies had prepared him for the position. Oddly enough, the residence of the viceroy in Calcutta was copied, with certain additions, from Lord Curzon's ancestral mansion, Kedleston Hall in Derbyshire. When Lord Curzon was still a very young member of Parliament he made his first visit to Calcutta and lunched at Government House with Lord Dufferin. Afterward, as he was going back to his hotel, he halted outside the great gates, looked back at the building, and said: "The next time I enter these gates it shall be as viceroy." It was characteristic of Lord Curzon that his resolution was accomplished. From that time on he was preoccupied with India, its people, its history, its government, its civilization, and its life. When he entered public life he was conscious of India as "the political pillar of the Asiatic continent," and that the problems of Asia were all indissolubly connected with it. He set himself, therefore, the task of visiting in turn the various Asiatic countries and writing books about them. In 1887 and 1888 he made a journey around the world, going by the way of the United States and Canada to Japan, China, and India, where he remained four or five months wandering from Madura to Darjeeling and from Calcutta to the Khyber and including many places out of range of the average tourist. He wrote books on Persia and Afghanistan, and before he embarked as viceroy he had spent one year at the Indian Office and three at the Foreign Office.

The author of this volume says that if he were asked to name the four principal achievements of Lord Curzon in India he would select the partition of Bengal, the solution of the northwest-frontier problem, the reform of the educational system, and the formulation of a land revenue policy. Of these four problems and Lord Curzon's resolute and effective dealing with them the volume gives a clear and statistical account, as well as a vivid picture of Lord Curzon's personal influence with the native princes, and an admiring glance at his ability to overhaul and simplify the machinery of government. The author is inclined to mitigate the sensational accounts

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of the devastation by plague and famine in India and to attribute the appalling death-rate very often to climatic conditions. There is a full account of the English irrigation works and a very technical chapter on fiscal policies.

The book is not only ably written, but it carries conviction as only a book written by one profoundly conversant with a subject can do. There are many passages of eloquent and haunting description. Indeed, after the two or three very light and very slight books of Eastern travel, given us recently by American writers, it is a pleasure to see India through the eyes of one who has no case to prove, but is telling of what he has known and known intimately for many years.

TANTE. By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK. New York: The Century Company, 1912.

Some ten or a dozen years ago, the writer was asked in the drawing-room of the famous Oxford Professor of Classics, Arthur Sidgwick, who by general consent was considered the greatest living American novelist, and, once Henry James was disposed of, the question was discussed. The novelist who ranked highest in the English estimation was one of whom the writer, to his discomfiture, had never heard, namely: Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Despite similarity of name, varying by only one letter, she was an American, and unrelated to the distinguished English family of Sidgwicks. Since that time the reviewer has been respectfully aware of the steady, distinguished output of Anne Douglas Sedgwick or Mrs. Basil de Sélincourt as she is now.

Franklin Winslow Kane, a study in cosmopolitan tendencies and national traits, *A Fountain Sealed, Amabel Channice, The Shadow of Life, The Confounding of Camelia, The Rescue, Paths of Judgment,* have followed each other in dignified succession. This year gives us *Tante,* a wonderful piece of characterization and dramatic construction.

What shall we say but that, attention once called to this work, there is no question as to who stands second to Henry James as a novelist of our nationality. I do not say in our country, for, like Mr. James, Miss Sedgwick has spent most of her life abroad and is now finally established in Oxford. She is as perfect a craftsman as Mrs. Edith Wharton with a vastly richer vein of true humanity and a keener eye. In the whole range of fiction one meets few finer bits of characterization than the figure of old Mrs. Talcott in *Tante.* With her grotesque looks and her merciful clean heart and straight-seeing eyes, she is a wonderful creation. Here is her first complete appearance in the book:

"Mrs. Talcott raised herself slowly and turned to them, drawing off her gardening gloves. She was a funny-looking old woman, funnier than Karen had prepared him for finding her, and uglier. Her large face, wallet-shaped and sallow, was scattered over with white moles, or rather warts, one of which, on her eyelid, caused it to droop over her eye, and to blink sometimes suddenly. She had a short, indefinite nose and long, large lips firmly folded. With its up-drawn hair and impassivity her face recalled that of a Chinese image; but more than anything else, she gave Gregory the impression vaguely and incongruously tragic, of an old ship-

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wrecked piece of oaken timber, washed up finally, out of reach of the waves, on some high, lonely beach; battered, though still so solid; salted through and through; crusted with brine, and with odd, bleached excrescences, like barnacles, adhering to it."

Mrs. Poyser remains the English type of sententious wisdom in fiction, but she is a much smarter, wittier, more up-to-date figure than Mrs. Talcott of Maine. There is a deeper wisdom in Mrs. Talcott and never was a more adorably unself-conscious moralist drawn by pen. Her quiet relinquishing of condemnation, her slow judgments, her tolerant vision never fail; while her non-committal and meager speech, her incomparable New England dialect, and her unspoiled New England heart are treasures for the ages to come.

"Most folks are like that, I guess," she muses; "they don't suffer so powerful over their friends' misfortunes if it gives them a chance of showing what fine fellows they are."

For hitting off a portrait in a line or phrase Miss Sedgwick is unparalleled: Mrs. Harding, for example, who gazed upon the great pianist who is the heroine of the story "with the intent, liquid eye of a pious dog," and who slid into her seat "with the precaution of a reverent sightseer who fears to disturb a congregation at prayer"; or Gregory, who was inclined to think that artists "however admirable in their functions, were undesirable in their persons." Mrs. Hamilton K. Slifer, "her small features indeterminate in form and incoherent in assemblage," is a hilariously humorous introduction. There is Barker, Gregory's manservant, who enters only once or twice, but is thoroughly established as an individuality when we hear that he was "a stone-gray personage who looked like a mid-Victorian, Liberal statesman." The Lovingtons, who were "like their house and park, part of the established order of things," and who "had never been trained to see differences in people, only to accept samenesses." There are delightful American millionaires "earnest and accomplished," "the anxious, thoughtful, virtuous rich, oppressed by their responsibilities, and all studying so hard, poor dears, at stiff, deep books in order to fulfil them worthily."

"I love to hear about their fat, bribed, clean-shaven Senators," says the young English writer of the Americans, "just as I love to read the advertisements of tooth-brushes and breakfast foods and underwear in their magazines, written in the language of persuasive, familiar fraternity."

In few novels are so many types, so many "sets" clearly drawn and set out. It is the intensifying of the general sense of life that so able and so deep-seeing a writer as Miss Sedgwick accomplishes. She is a creator in the real sense of the word, making reality more real and life more graspable by her keen vision and masterly handling. Her work is not ephemeral. It is of the stuff of enduring literature. *Tante* undoubtedly raises Anne Douglas Sedgwick's already high position among women novelists, and what man, the one great exception always made, is there among Americans to equal her?

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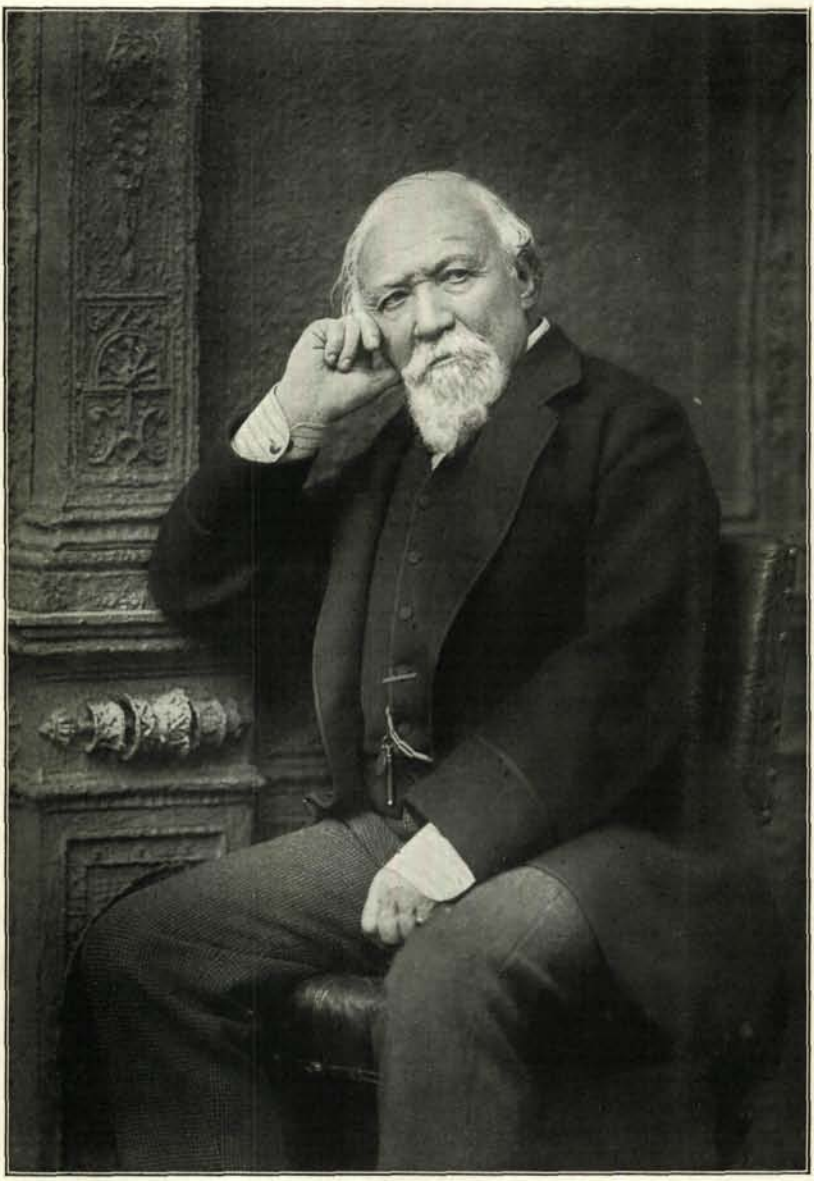

Robert Browning

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